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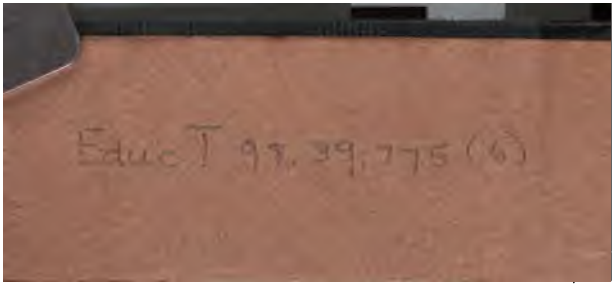

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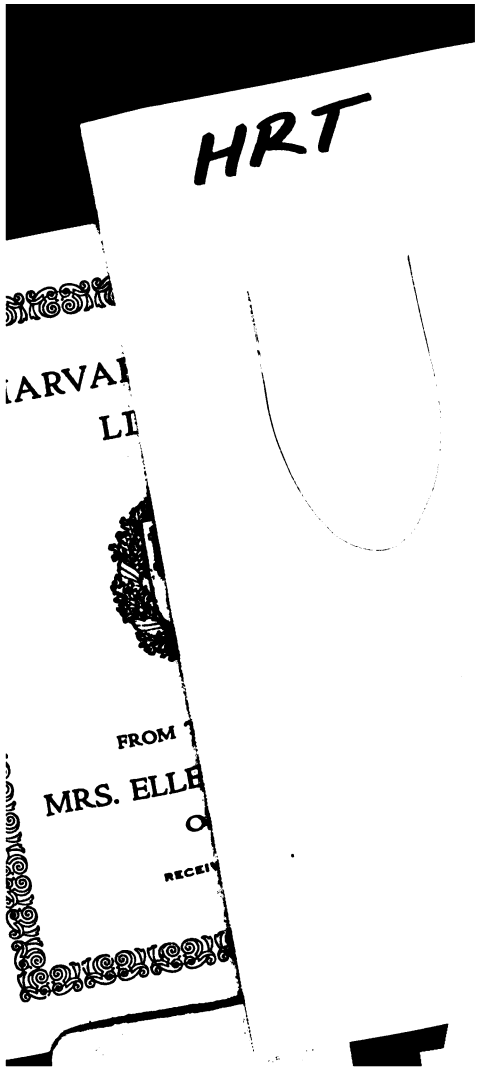

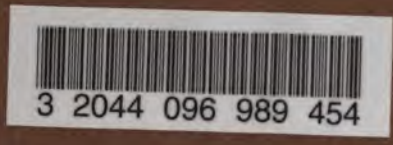
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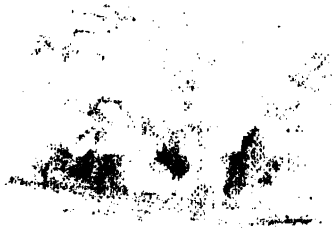

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VOL. VI.

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE WRITINGS OF MRS. BARBAULD,

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

BOSTON:
MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB.
1840.

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THINGS

BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES,

AND OTHER

STORIES, FABLES, AND MORAL PIECES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM THE

WRITINGS OF MRS. BARBAULD.

WITH

A SKETCH OF HER LIFE,

BY MRS. S. J. HALE,

AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER,' 'LADIES' WREATH,' ETC. ETC.

"Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters, from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

BOSTON:
MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB.
1840.

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PREFACE.

THERE is no need of commending this Volume to the attention of the reader, or the approbation of the public. The name of Mrs. Barbauld will be a sufficient guarantee of the worth of the selection. But, as this is the first attempt to bring the productions of her pen, more especially designed for the young, together, a few words on the subject may be expected.

The 'Evenings at Home' have long held a deservedly high place in all juvenile libraries; yet there was one drawback,—one thing lacking,—and that was, a knowledge of the writer. It was understood, that Mrs. Barbauld and her brother had written the books; but which particular pieces were contributed, by the brother or sister, were not ascertained. It is always a pleasure, and we think quite an advantage, to youthful readers, to know the name and history of their favorite authors. To separate, therefore, the articles of these two writers, and give them each a volume, which should be authenticated, was our aim. Mrs. Barbauld's contributions to the 'Evenings at Home' were not sufficient to form a volume.

But she had always kept the young in remembrance ; and, in her other published works, many ingenious fables, instructive dialogues, and other papers, suitable for our purpose, were found. These we have collected, and added a few of her 'Hymns in Prose,' the most beautiful and perfect specimens of this kind of writing which can be found. We hope our young readers will *study* this volume, thoroughly ; there is scarcely an article in it, but deserves to be repeatedly read, till the whole is fixed in the heart as well as mind. Then the good Mrs. Barbauld will be considered one of their best and most pleasant friends, who, although dead, yet speaketh the words of kindness and instruction. S. J. H.

Boston, November 1, 1839.

In revising the copy of this interesting selection, for the press, it was found necessary, in order to adapt it to the purposes for which it was intended, as one of the volumes of the '*Juvenile Series*' of 'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY,' to add many notes and explanations, and modify, in some degree, the text, in order to adapt it for the reading of American children. The Notes of Explanation, thus added, have affixed to them the initials, 'J. W. I.'

Boston, March, 1840.

CONTENTS.

Page

PREFACE, ... 3

SKETCH OF MRS. BARBAULD, ... 9

PART I.

Things by their Right Names, ... 15
Hymn, ... 17
Alfred,—A Drama, ... 19
Hymn, ... 26
The Goose and Horse, ... 29
The Four Sisters, ... 30
Hymn, ... 37
On Manufactures, ... 38
The Flying Fish, ... 53
Hymn, ... 55
The Art of Distinguishing, ... 56
The Phenix and Dove, ... 67
Hymn, ... 69
The Manufacture of Paper, ... 71
Hymn, ... 77
The Young Mouse, ... 79
The Wasp and Bee, ... 80
The Mask of Nature, ... 81
Hymn, ... 83

PART II.

The Rich and the Poor, ... 86
The River and Brook, ... 94
Description of Five Sisters, ... 95
On Expense,—A Dialogue, ... 98
Earth, ... 108
The Pine and the Olive, ... 112
Riddles, ... 114
The King in his Castle, ... 124
A Lecture on the Use of Words, ... 128
Hymn, ... 132
Picnic, ... 133
Grimalkin to Selima, ... 137
On the Uses of History,—Letter I., . . . 142
Letter II., ... 149
Letter III., ... 157
Letter IV., ... 160
Hymn, ... 168
On the Classics, ... 171
Atalanta, ... 180
Arion, ... 183
Venus and Adonis, ... 185
Hymn, ... 187
The Mouse's Petition, ... 190
The Baby-House, ... 191
A Thought on Death, ... 194
To-morrow, ... 195
Lines placed over a Chimney-piece, . . 195
An Address to the Deity, ... 196
The Hill of Science, ... 199
Verses, written in the Leaves of an Ivory Pocket-Book, ... 211

On the Birth of a Friend's Eldest Son, . 212
A Character, ... 214
On Friendship, ... 214
Confidence and Modesty,—A Fable, . . . 220
The Oak, ... 222
Evening, ... 225
Winter, ... 228
On Plants, ... 229
Canute's Reproof to his Courtiers, . . . 233
Hymns, ... 235
Night, ... 237
Verses written in an Alcove, ... 240
Hymn to Content, ... 242
On a Lady's Writing, ... 244
Autumn,—A Fragment, ... 244
An Autumnal Thought, ... 245
To a Dog, ... 246
"Ye are the Salt of the Earth," 247
The Unknown God, ... 250
Life, ... 252
Logogriph, ... 253
Dejection, ... 255
Lines, written in a Young Lady's Album of different-colored paper, ... 256
The Death of the Virtuous, ... 257
Hymn, ... 258
Fragment, ... 259
Hymn for Easter Sunday, ... 260
Epitaph on a Goldfinch, ... 262

SKETCH OF MRS. BARBAULD.

In the year 1743, June 20th, the eldest child and only daughter of Reverend John Aikin and Jane his wife was born. They named her Anna Lætitia; and this little girl afterwards became the celebrated Mrs. Barbauld, whose writings have made many children, as well as grown persons, happier and wiser: and we trust the present volume will be prized by its young readers, so long as our language shall be read and understood.

The family of Rev. Dr. Aikin resided at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, (England,) when Anna Lætitia was born; and she was brought up in that sequestered village, till she was fifteen years old. Her parents educated their children entirely at home, and their little daughter proved an excellent scholar. She was so eager to learn, that her mother could hardly persuade her to accept of playthings; she wanted only a book. When she was but two years old, she could read little stories, without much spelling; and, when three years old, she could read well in any book. Such an earnest desire to obtain know-

ledge will, usually, overcome all difficulties; and Miss Aikin persuaded her father to teach her Latin and Greek, and allow her to study the same classical authors as her brother John was pursuing.

Those, who have read the fourth volume of the Juvenile series of 'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY,' will recollect, that it contains selections from the writings of Doctor John Aikin, the brother of Mrs. Barbauld. He was three years younger than his sister, and, when they were children, she taught and assisted him in his studies. As he grew older, his opportunities of acquiring learning became better than hers. In those days, girls were not allowed many advantages of education; if they could read and write, it was thought quite enough for women. John became a pupil in his father's school for boys, and had companions in his studies, while his sister was obliged to learn her lessons alone; and her father, though he heard her recitations, never encouraged her much, for he was afraid she would be too fond of her books. It is only a short time, since men have become convinced, of the importance of female education, and that it is the mothers and sisters who form the minds as well as manners of their brothers and sons. Men never can be truly wise, while women are ignorant.

But Anna Lætitia Aikin had a good brother; John loved her dearly, and they were companions in their studies, as well as amusements. He always encouraged her literary pursuits, and persuaded her to publish a volume of her poems, in

1773; and, in the same year, he joined with her in forming a small volume of 'Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose,' which was very popular. The following year, Miss Aikin married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a descendant of one of the French Protestant families, who fled to England during the persecutions of Louis the Fourteenth. The grandfather of Mr. Barbauld, when a boy, was enclosed in a cask, put on board a vessel, and carried to England, where he settled. People were not then allowed, in France, and many other European countries, to choose the mode of worshipping God, which their own consciences dictated; and even children were taken from their parents, and otherwise punished, if they were thought to be heretics. We, in our own free country, can hardly understand how such things were allowed.

Mr. Barbauld, soon after his marriage with Miss Aikin, opened a select boarding-school for boys, at Palgrave, in Suffolk; and his wife immediately became his assistant. She superintended the lessons in reading, in English composition, grammar, geography; and, what may seem strange for a lady to teach, in the art of declamation. She frequently prepared pieces for the young speakers, and always wrote the epilogues, prologues, &c. Many of these boys, committed to her care when young, became distinguished men; and they always spoke of Mrs. Barbauld's teaching, with the highest respect. One of them, William Taylor, author of the 'English Synonyms,' and several other works, acknowledged her,

with pride and affection, "the mother of his mind;" and Dr. Sayres, another of her pupils, thus describes the manner in which she taught English composition.

"On Wednesdays and Saturdays, the boys were called, in separate classes, to her apartment: she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay, and then sent them back, into the schoolroom, to write it out on the slates, in their own words. Each exercise was separately examined by her, the faults of grammar" and vulgarisms were corrected, "the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of enditing and criticising were, in some degree, learned together. Many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write, properly, a vernacular [or English] letter, for want of some such discipline."

Mrs. Barbauld had no children of her own, which she regretted, for she was very fond of children. She, therefore, begged her brother John and his wife, to give her one of their little boys, to bring up as her own, which they finally did. It was for this little boy, Charles Aikin, that Mrs. Barbauld wrote, 'Early Lessons,' and 'Hymns in Prose,' which were very highly esteemed. Several of these hymns are inserted in this volume. They are so pure and beautiful, that we think all our readers will rejoice to have the opportunity of perusing them.

After continuing in the school about eleven

years, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld relinquished it. Their health suffered from the confinement; for it is not an easy task, to teach. They passed a Winter in the south of France, went to Geneva in the Spring, and then returned to London, much better in health. Soon after, Mr. Barbauld was settled as pastor of a congregation at Hampstead, near London; and here, Mrs. Barbauld again took up her pen. She had not written much, for several years, and her brother was very urgent, that she should again exert her talents. Accordingly, she wrote and published several essays, which were well received, and several poems. She also contributed a number of pieces to those which her brother, Dr. Aikin, was preparing for children. These stories formed the volumes called, 'Evenings at Home.' Most of Mrs. Barbauld's contributions to the work are inserted in this volume.

In 1802, Mr. Barbauld and wife removed to Stoke Newington, and took up their abode in that village. The sole motive for this removal was, the mutual desire of Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aikin, to pass the closing years of their lives in the same neighborhood. It is a beautiful thing, to see a brother and sister so fondly attached to each other. It can only be found in those, who feel sympathy in mental pursuits, as well as in moral feelings.

In 1808, Mr. Barbauld, after a long illness, died. From this time, till her own death, she devoted herself to her studies, and works of

charity. She died March 9th, 1825, aged eighty-two years.

When young, Mrs. Barbauld was very beautiful; and she retained traces of her loveliness, to the last. But the beauties of her mind have outlived all her personal charms. Her dust now moulders in the tomb, but the pure thoughts, she embodied in her writings, still make her name familiar to all who read the English language; and thus it is, that virtue and genius, when united in doing good, gain on earth immortal fame.

PART FIRST.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

Charles. PAPA, you grow very lazy. Last Winter, you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all around the fire, quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear papa, let us have a very pretty one.

Father. With all my heart; what shall it be?

C. A bloody murder, papa!

F. A bloody murder! Well then,—Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike,——

C. With black crapes over their faces?

F. No; they had steel caps on:—having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest,——

C. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

F. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were as tall, personable men as one ever sees:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill,——

C. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, papa?

F. No, really; it was on a fine balmy Sum-

mer's morning :—and moved forwards, one behind another,——

C. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges ?

F. On the contrary,—they walked remarkably upright ; and, so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise, as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

C. But, papa, they would be found out immediately.

F. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves ; on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about :—They moved forwards, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat, pretty village, which they set on fire,——

C. Set a village on fire ? wicked wretches !

F. And while it was burning, they murdered, —twenty thousand men.

C. O fie ! papa ! You do not intend I should believe this ? I thought, all along, you were making up a tale, as you often do ; but you shall not catch me, this time. What ! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats !

F. No, truly ; they resisted as long as they could.

C. How could these men kill twenty thousand people, pray ?

F. Why not ? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

C. O, now I have found you out ! You mean a BATTLE.

F. Indeed I do. I do not know of any *murders*, half so bloody.

HYMN.

BEHOLD, the shepherd of the flock ; he taketh care for his sheep ; he leadeth them among the clear brooks ; he guideth them to fresh pasture ; if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms ; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's Shepherd ? Who taketh care for him ? Who guideth him in the path he should go ? And, if he wander, who shall bring him back ?

God is the shepherd's Shepherd ; He is the Shepherd over all ; He taketh care for all ; the whole earth is His fold ; we are all His flocks ; and every herb, and every green field, is the pasture which He hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child ; she bringeth it up on her knees ; she nourisheth its body with food ; she feedeth its mind with knowledge ; if it is sick, she nurseth it, with tender love ; she watcheth over it when asleep ; she forgetteth it not, for a moment ; she teacheth it how to be good ; she rejoiceth, daily, in its growth.

But who is the Parent of the mother ? Who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her, every moment ? Whose arms are about her, to guard her from harm ? And, if she is sick, who shall heal her ?

God is the Parent of the mother; He is the Parent of all, for He created all. All the men, and all the women, who are alive in the wide world, are His children: He loveth all, He is good to all.

The king governeth his people; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his commands; his subjects fear before him; if they do well, he protecteth them from danger; and if they do evil, he punisheth them.

But who is the Sovereign of the king? Who commandeth him, what he must do? Whose hand is stretched out, to protect him from danger? And if he do evil, who shall punish him?

God is the Sovereign of the king; His crown is a crown of glory, and His throne is in heaven above. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords; if He bid us live, we live; if He bid us die, we die: His dominion is over all worlds, and the light of His countenance is upon all His works.

God is our Shepherd; therefore, we will follow Him: God is our Father; therefore, we will love Him: God is our King; therefore, we will obey Him.

ALFRED.*

A DRAMA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Alfred,	King of England.
Gubba,	a farmer.
Gandelin,	his wife.
Ella,	an officer of Alfred.

SCENE—*The Isle of Athelney.*

Alfred. How retired and quiet is every thing in this little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of

* *Alfred the Great*, was a wise and good king of England, who was born, A. D. 849, and died, A. D. 900. His history is said to present "one of the most perfect examples, on record, of the able and patriotic monarch united with the virtuous man." He was so celebrated for his love of truth, that he was called "Alfred the truth-teller." Being obliged to fly from his kingdom, when it was conquered by the Danes, he concealed himself in obscure places; and, on one occasion, took shelter in the cottage of a swineherd, (or keeper of swine,) who, not knowing who he was, employed him in various menial offices. Among other things related of him, is that mentioned in this drama. The meekness, with which he bore the angry censures of his hostess, showed, that he was one of those to whom the Scripture refers, when it says, "he that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city." He was soon after restored to his throne, and did every thing in his power, to make his people happy. For a more extended notice of him, see the second volume of 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' being volume XX. of the larger series of 'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.'—J. W. I.

the thicket fence it in from the attack of an enemy. The bloody Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here; otherwise, I shall die of hunger. Ha! here is a narrow path through the wood; and I think I see the smoke of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

SCENE—*Before the cottage.* GUBBA *coming forward.* GANDELIN *within.*

Alfred. Good even to you, good man. Are you disposed to show hospitality to a poor traveller?

Gubba. Why, truly, there are so many poor travellers, nowadays, that, if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you.

Wife, I am very weary; I have been chopping wood, all day.

Gandelin. You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you. The cakes will take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But who have you with you?

Alfred. Good mother, I am a stranger, and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

Gandelin. Good mother! Good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers; and the land has no reason to love them. It has never been a merry day for Old England, since strangers came into it.

Alfred. I am not a stranger in England, though I am a stranger here. I am a trueborn Englishman.

Gubba. And do you hate those wicked Danes, that eat up our provisions, and burn our houses, and drive away our cattle?

Alfred. I do hate them.

Gandelin. Heartily! He does not speak heartily, husband.

Alfred. Heartily I hate them; most heartily.

Gubba. Give me thy hand, then; thou art an honest fellow.

Alfred. I was with king Alfred, in the last battle he fought.

Gandelin. With king Alfred? Heaven bless him!

Gubba. What is become of our good king?

Alfred. Did you love him, then?

Gubba. Yes, as much as a poor man may love a king; and kneeled down and prayed for him, every night, that he might conquer those Danish wolves: but it was not to be so.

Alfred. You could not love Alfred better than I did.

Gubba. But what is become of him?

Alfred. He is thought to be dead.

Gubba. Well, these are sad times; Heaven help us! Come; you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us. I suppose you are too sharpset, to be nice.

Gandelin. Aye, come with us; you shall be as welcome as a prince! But hark ye, husband;

though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger, (it would be a sin to be otherwise,) yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself. He looks strong and capable.

Gubba. Why, that's true. What can you do, friend?

Alfred. I am very willing to help you, in any thing you choose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread, before I eat it.

Gubba. Let me see. Can you tie up fagots neatly?

Alfred. I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

Gubba. Can you thatch? There is a piece blown off the cow-house.

Alfred. Alas, I cannot thatch.

Gandelin. Ask him if he can weave rushes: we want some new baskets.

Alfred. I have never learned.

Gubba. Can you stack hay?

Alfred. No.

Gubba. Why, here's a fellow! and yet he hath as many hands as his neighbors. Dame, can you employ him in the house? He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

Gandelin. Let him watch these cakes, then; I must go and milk the kine.

Gubba. And I'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

Gandelin. But pray observe, friend! do not let the cakes burn; turn them often on the hearth.

Alfred. I shall observe your directions.

ALFRED, *alone.*

Alfred. For myself, I could bear it; but England! my bleeding country; for thee, my heart is wrung with bitter anguish! From the Humber to the Thames, the rivers are stained with blood. My brave soldiers cut to pieces. My poor people,—some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted; and I, whom Heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of these devourers! Gracious Heaven! if I am not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero, to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices. I shall be content, if England is happy.

O! here come my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA *and* GANDELIN.

Gandelin. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper. But, mercy on us! how they are burnt; black as my shoe; they have not once been turned: you oaf! you lubber! you lazy loon!——

Alfred. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it; but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

Gubba. Come, wife, you must forgive him; perhaps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee——

Gandelin. You remember!

Gubba. Yes, dame, I do remember it, though

it is many a long year since; my mother was making a kettle of furmety*——

Gandelin. I pray thee, hold thy tongue, and let us eat our suppers.

Alfred. How refreshing is this new milk, and this wholesome bread!

Gubba. Eat heartily, friend. Where shall we lodge him, Gandelin?

Gandelin. We have but one bed, you know; but there is fresh straw in the barn.

Alfred, (*aside.*) If I shall not lodge like a king, at least, I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor soldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

Gandelin. What noise do I hear? It is the trampling of horses. Good husband, go and see what is the matter.

Alfred. Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family! I would rather have perished in the wood.

GUBBA *returns, followed by* ELLA, *with his sword drawn.*

Gandelin. Mercy defend us, a sword!

Gubba. The Danes! the Danes! O do not kill us!

Ella, (*kneeling.*) My liege, my lord, my sovereign; have I found you?

Alfred, (*embracing him.*) My brave Ella!

Ella. I bring you good news, my sovereign;

* A corrupt pronunciation of *frumenty*, which is food made of wheat, boiled in milk. — J. W. I.

your troops, that were shut up in Kinwith Castle, made a desperate sally, and the Danes were slaughtered. The fierce Hubba* lies gasping on the plain.

Alfred. Is it possible? Am I yet a king?

Ella. Their famous standard, the Danish raven,† is taken; their troops are panic struck; the English soldiers call aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter, which will inform you of more particulars. (*Gives a letter.*)

Gubba, (*aside.*) What will become of us! Ah, dame! that tongue of thine has undone us!

Gandelin. O, my poor, dear husband! we shall all be hanged, that's certain. But who could have thought it was the King?

Gubba. Why, Gandelin, do you see, we might have guessed he was born to be a king, or some such great man, because, you know, he was fit for nothing else.

Alfred, (*coming forward.*) God be praised, for these tidings! Hope is sprung up out of the depths of despair. O, my friend! shall I again shine in arms,—again fight at the head of my brave Englishmen, and lead them on to victory? Our friends shall now lift their heads again.

Ella. Yes, you have many friends, who have long been obliged, like their master, to skulk in deserts and caves, and wander from cottage to cottage. When they hear you are alive, and in

* The Danish general. — J. W. I.

† The standard of the Danes had a raven painted upon it. J. W. I.

arms again, they will leave their fastnesses, and flock to your standard.

Alfred. I am impatient to meet them ; my people shall be revenged.

Gubba and Gandelin, (*throwing themselves at the feet of* ALFRED.) Oh ! my lord !——

Gandelin. We hope your majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed, we did not know your majesty's grace.

Gubba. If your majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue ; she means no harm, poor woman !

Alfred. Pardon you, good people ! I not only pardon you, but thank you. You have afforded me protection, in my distress ; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect *you.* Come ! my faithful Ella ; to arms ! to arms ! My bosom burns, to face once more the haughty Dane ; and here I vow to Heaven, that I will never sheathe the sword against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or

> **Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,**
> **And war and slaughter vex the land no more.**

HYMN.

COME, let us go into the thick shade, for it is the noon of the day, and the Summer sun beats hot upon our heads.

The shade is pleasant and cool; the branches meet above our heads, and shut out the sun, as with a green curtain; the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

The sloping bank is covered with flowers; let us lie down upon it; let us throw our limbs on the fresh grass, and sleep; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

The cattle lie down to sleep in the cool shade; but we can do what is better; we can raise our voices to heaven; we can praise the great God who made us. He made the warm sun, and the cool shade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we see are His work.

Can we raise our voices up to the high heaven? Can we make Him hear, who is above the stars? Yes; for He heareth us when we only whisper; when we breathe out words, softly, with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also.

May we, that are so young, speak to Him that always was? May we, that can hardly speak plain, speak to God?

We, that are so young, are but lately made alive; therefore, we should not forget His forming hand, who hath made us alive. We, that cannot speak plain, should lisp out praises to Him who teacheth us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

When we could not think of Him, He thought

of us; before we could ask Him to bless us, He had already given us many blessings.

He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow; He maketh us strong, tall, and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day; therefore, every day we ought to praise Him better than the former day.

The buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms swell to fruit; but they know not how they grow, nor who causeth them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.

Ask them, if they will tell thee; bid them break forth into singing, and fill the air with pleasant sounds.

They smell sweet; they look beautiful; but they are quite silent; no sound is in the still air; no murmur of voices among the green leaves.

The plants and trees are made to give fruit to man; but man is made to praise God who made him.

We love to praise Him, because He loveth to bless us; we thank Him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

We love God, who hath created all beings; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as God is good to all persons every where; but we can rejoice, that every where there is a God to do them good.

We will think of God when we play, and when we work; when we walk out, and when we come

in ; when we sleep and when we wake, His praise shall dwell continually on our lips.

THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.

A Goose, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a Horse, who fed near her, and, in hissing accents, thus addressed him : " I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground, as well as you ; I have, besides, wings, with which I can raise myself in the air ; and, when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters : I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

The Horse, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied : " It is true, you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed ; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them, as fishes do ; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle upon the ground, with your

broad feet, and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess, that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned, my limbs! how highly finished, my whole body! how great, my strength! how astonishing, my speed! I would far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *goose* in all."

THE FOUR SISTERS.*

I AM one of four sisters; and, having some reason to think myself not well used, either by them or by the world, I beg leave to lay before you a sketch of our history and characters. You will not wonder, that there should be frequent bickerings amongst us, when I tell you, that, in our infancy, we were continually fighting; and, so great was the noise, and din, and confusion, in our constant struggles to get uppermost, that it was impossible for any body to live amongst us, in such a scene of tumult and disorder. These brawls, however, by a powerful interposition, were put an end to; our proper place was assigned to each of us; and we had strict orders not to encroach on the limits

* The young reader may need to be informed, that this is an Allegory, or figurative description of the four elements, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, which are here spoken of as four sisters. — J. W. I.

of each other's property, but to join our common offices, for the good of the whole family.

My first sister, (I call her the first, because we have generally allowed her the precedence in rank,) is, I must acknowledge, of a very active, sprightly disposition; quick and lively, and has more brilliancy than any of us; but she is hot: every thing serves for fuel to her fury, when it is once raised to a certain degree; and she is so mischievous, whenever she gets the upper hand, that, notwithstanding her aspiring disposition, if I may freely speak my mind, she is calculated to make a good servant, but a very bad mistress.

I am almost ashamed to mention, that, notwithstanding her seeming delicacy, she has a most voracious appetite, and devours every thing that comes in her way; though, like other eager, thin people, she does no credit to her keeping. Many a time has she consumed the product of my barns and storehouses; but it is all lost upon her. She has even been known to get into an oil-shop or tallow-chandler's, when every body was asleep, and lick up, with the utmost greediness, whatever she found there. Indeed, all prudent people are aware of her tricks; and, though she is admitted into the best families, they take care to watch her, very narrowly. I should not forget to mention, that my sister was once in a country,* where she

* Persia; where the element of Fire is worshipped as a deity, to whom temples are erected, in which a fire is kept constantly burning. These temples are generally sumptuous buildings, and the attendants are young females, selected from

was treated with uncommon respect. She was lodged in a sumptuous building, and had a number of young women of the best families to attend on her, and feed her, and watch over her health; in short, she was looked upon as something more than a common mortal. But she always behaved with great severity to her maids; and, if any of them were negligent of their duty, or made a slip in their own conduct, nothing would serve her, but burying the poor girls alive. I have, myself, had some dark hints and intimations, from the most respectable authority,* that she will some time or other make an end of me. You need not wonder, therefore, if I am jealous of her motions.

The next sister, I shall mention to you, has so far the appearance of modesty and humility, that she generally seeks the lowest place. She is, indeed, of a very yielding, easy temper, generally cool, and often wears a sweet, placid smile upon her countenance. But she is easily ruffled; and, when worked up, as she often is, by another sister, whom I shall mention to you, by and by, she becomes a perfect fury. Indeed, she is so apt to swell, with sudden gusts of passion, that she is suspected, at times, to be a little lunatic. Between her and my first-mentioned sister, there is a more settled antipathy, than between the The-

the highest families in the place, whose duty it is to watch and tend this "Sacred Fire." If these young maidens neglect their duty, they are punished, by being buried alive. — J. W. I.

* See 1 Peter iii. 10, 12, and similar passages. — J. W. I.

ban* pair; and they never meet, without making efforts to destroy one another. With me, she is always ready to form the most intimate union, but it is not always to my advantage. There goes a story, in our family, that, when we were all young, she once attempted to drown me.† She actually kept me under a considerable time; and though, at length, I got my head above water, my constitution is generally thought to have been essentially affected by it. From that time, she has made no such atrocious attempt, but she is continually making encroachments upon my property ;‡ and, even when she appears most gentle, she is very insidious, and has such an undermining way with her, that her insinuating arts are as much to be dreaded, as open violence. I might, indeed, remonstrate; but it is a known part of her character,

* Eteocles and Polynices, sons of Œdipus, king of Thebes, who, on the death of their father, mutually agreed, that they should both enjoy the crown, one reigning one year, and the other the next, and so on; each being king, every other year. Eteocles, being the elder, first ascended the throne; but, when his year had expired, he refused to give up the crown to his brother, according to his agreement. This caused a bitter hostility between the two brothers, which was only ended with their lives. Much blood was shed in the wars which took place between them, till they agreed to decide the contest by a single combat, in which they were both killed, after fighting with the most inveterate fury. — J. W. I.

† The universal Deluge, recorded in Genesis vii. when the whole earth was covered by the waters, is here referred to. — J. W. I.

‡ The sea is constantly encroaching upon the land. — J.W.I.

that nothing makes any lasting impression upon her.*

As to my third sister, I have already mentioned the ill offices she does me, with my last-mentioned one, who is entirely under her influence. She is, besides, of a very uncertain, variable temper; sometimes hot, and sometimes cold, nobody knows where to find her. Her lightness is even proverbial; and she has nothing to give those who live with her, more substantial than the smiles of courtiers. I must add, that she keeps in her service, three or four rough, blustering bullies,† with puffed cheeks, who, when they are let loose, think they have nothing to do, but to drive the world before them. She sometimes joins with my first sister, and their violence occasionally throws me into such a trembling, that, though naturally of a firm constitution, I shake, as if I was in an ague fit.‡

As to myself, I am of a steady, solid temper; not shining, indeed, but kind and liberal, quite a Lady Bountiful. Every one tastes of my beneficence; and I am of so grateful a disposition, that I have been known to return a hundred-fold, for any present that has been made me. I feed and clothe all my children, and afford a welcome home to the wretch who has no other shelter. I

* The instability of water, and its inability to retain any impression, is proverbial. — J. W. I.

† The Winds. — J. W. I.

‡ Referring to earthquakes; which are caused by the uniting *of air and fire,* or heat, within the earth. — J. W. I.

bear, with unrepining patience, all manner of ill usage; I am trampled upon, I am torn, and wounded with the most cutting strokes; I am pillaged of the treasures hidden in my most secret chambers; notwithstanding which, I am always ready to return good for evil, and am continually subservient to the pleasure or advantage of others; yet, so ungrateful is the world, that, because I do not possess all the airiness and activity of my sisters, I am stigmatized as dull and heavy. Every sordid, miserly fellow is called, by way of derision, one of *my* children; and, if a person, on entering a room, does but turn his eyes upon me, he is thought stupid and mean, and not fit for good company. I have the satisfaction, however, of finding, that people always incline towards me, as they grow older; and that those, who seemed proudly to disdain any affinity with me, are content to sink, at last, into my bosom. You will, probably, wish to have some account of my person. I am not a regular beauty; some of my features are rather harsh and prominent, when viewed separately; but my countenance has so much variety of expression, and so many different attitudes of elegance, that those, who study my face with attention, find out, continually, new charms.

Though I have been so long a mother, I have still a surprising air of youth and freshness, which is assisted by all the advantages of well-chosen ornament, for I dress well, and according to the season.

This is what I have chiefly to say of myself and my sisters. To a person of your sagacity, it will be unnecessary for me to sign my name. Indeed, one who becomes acquainted with any one of the family, cannot be at a loss to discover the rest, notwithstanding the difference in our features and characters.

HYMN.

Come, let us go forth into the fields; let us see how the flowers spring; let us listen to the singing of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

The Winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen; and the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down; the old ones hiss with anger, if any comes near.

The hen sits upon her nest of straw; she watches, patiently, the full time, till the young chickens get strength to break the shell with their bills, and come out.

The lambs sport in the field ; they totter by the side of their dams ; their young limbs, at first, can hardly support their weight.

If you fall, little lambs, you will not be hurt ; there is spread under you a carpet of soft grass ; it is spread for you and for us.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals, of every kind, are sporting about ; they feel themselves happy, they are glad to be alive : they thank Him that has made them alive.

They may thank Him in their hearts, but we can thank Him with our tongues : our gifts are greater than theirs ; therefore, we ought to praise Him more.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat ; but we can open our lips in His praise, we can speak of all His goodness.

Therefore, we will thank Him, for ourselves, and we will thank Him, for those that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip about ; if you could, you would say, how good He is ; but you are dumb, and we will say it for you.

We will not offer you in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you ; on every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the incense of praise.

ON MANUFACTURES.

FATHER,—HENRY.

Henry. My dear father, you once observed, that we had a great many *manufactures* in this country. Pray, what is manufacture?

Father. A manufacture is something made by the hand of man. It is derived from two Latin words, *manus*, the hand, and *facere*, to make. Manufactures are, therefore, to be distinguished from productions, which are what the bounty of Nature spontaneously affords us; as fruits, corn, marble.

H. But there is a great deal of trouble with corn. You have often made me take notice, how much pains it costs the farmer, to plough his ground, and put the seed in the earth, and keep it clear from weeds.

F. Very true. But the farmer does not make the corn; he only prepares for it a proper soil and situation, and removes every hinderance, arising from the hardness of the ground, or the neighborhood of other plants, which might obstruct the secret and wonderful process of vegetation; but with the vegetation, itself, he has nothing to do. It is not *his* hand that draws out the slender fibres of the root, pushes up, by degrees, the green stalk, and the spiky ear; swells the grain,

and imbrowns it with that rich tinge of tawny russet, which informs the husbandman, it is time to put in his sickle; all this operation is performed without his care, or even knowledge.

H. Now, then, I understand; corn is a *production*, and bread a *manufacture*.

F. Bread is certainly, in strictness of speech, a manufacture; but we do not, in general, apply the term to any thing, in which the original material is so little changed. If we wanted to speak of bread philosophically, we should say, it is a *preparation* of grain.

H. Is sugar a manufacture?

F. No; for the same reason. Besides which, I do not recollect the term being applied to any article of food; I suppose, from an idea that food is of too perishable a nature, and generally obtained by a process too simple, to deserve the name. We say, therefore, sugar-works, oil-mills, chocolate-works; we do not say a beer-manufactory, but a brewery; but this is only a nicety of language; for, properly, all those are manufactories, if there is much of art and painstaking in the process.

H. Do we say a manufactory of *pictures?*

F. No; but for a different reason. A picture, especially if it belong to any of the higher kinds of painting, is a work of genius. A picture cannot be produced by any given combinations of canvass and color. It is the hand, indeed, that executes, but the head that works. Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have gone, when

he was engaged to paint a picture, and hired workmen, the one to draw the eyes, another the nose, a third the mouth; the whole must be the painter's own, that particular painter's, and no other; and no one, who has not his ideas, can do his work. His work is, therefore, nobler, and of a higher species.

H. Pray, give me an instance of a manufacture?

F. The making of watches is a manufacture. The silver, iron, gold, or whatever else is used in it, are productions, the materials of the work; but it is by the wonderful art of man, that they are wrought into the numberless wheels and springs, of which this complicated machine is composed.

H. Then is there not as much art in making a watch as a picture? Does not the head work?

F. Certainly, in the original invention of watches, as much or more than in painting. But, when once invented, the art of watch-making is capable of being reduced to mere mechanical labor, which may be exercised by any man of common capacity, according to certain precise rules, when made familiar to him, by practice. This, painting is not.

H.. But, my dear father, making of books surely requires a great deal of thinking and study; and yet, I remember, the other day, at dinner, a gentleman said, that Mr. Pica had *manufactured* a large volume, in less than a fortnight.

F. It was meant to convey a satirical remark on his book, because it was compiled from other authors, from whom he had taken a page in one place, and a page in another ; so that it was not produced by the labor of his brain, but of his hands. Thus, you heard your mother complain, that the London cream was *manufactured ;* which was a pointed and concise way of saying, that the cream was not what it ought to be, nor what it was pretended that it was ; for cream, when genuine, is a pure production ; but, when mixed up and adulterated with flour and isinglass, and I know not what, it becomes a manufacture. It was as much as to say, art has been here, where it has no business ; where it is not beneficial, but hurtful. Much of the delicacy of language depends upon an accurate knowledge of the specific meaning of single terms, and a nice attention to their relative propriety.

H. Have all nations manufactures ?

F. All that are in any degree cultivated ; but it very often happens, that countries, naturally the poorest, have manufactures of the greatest extent and variety.

H. Why so ?

F. For the same reason, I apprehend, that individuals, who are rich without any labor of their own, are seldom so industrious and active, as those who depend upon their own exertions ; thus, the Spaniards, who possess the richest gold and silver mines in the world, are in want of many conveniences of life, which are enjoyed

in London, and Amsterdam, and in the United States.

H. I can comprehend that. I believe if my uncle Ledger were to find a gold mine under his warehouse, he would soon shut up shop.

F. I believe so. It is not, however, easy to establish manufactures, in a *very poor* nation. They require science and genius, for their invention; art and contrivance, for their execution; order, peace, and union, for their flourishing; they require a number of men to combine together in an undertaking, and to prosecute it with the most patient industry; they require, therefore, laws and government, for their protection. If you see extensive manufactures in any nation, you may be sure, it is a civilized nation; you may be sure, property is accurately ascertained and protected. They require great expenses, for their first establishment; costly machines, for shortening manual labor; and money and credit, for purchasing materials from distant countries. There is not a single manufacture, which does not require, in some part or other of its process, productions from different parts of the globe; oils, drugs, varnish, quicksilver, and the like. It requires, therefore, ships, and a friendly intercourse with foreign nations, to transport commodities, and exchange productions. We could not be a manufacturing, unless we were, also, a commercial, nation. They require time, to take root in any place, and their excellence often depends upon some nice and delicate circumstance; a peculiar

quality, for instance, in the air, or water, or some other local circumstance, not easily ascertained. Thus, I have heard, that the Irish women spin better than the English, because the moister temperature of their climate makes their skin more soft, and their fingers more flexible. Thus, again, we cannot dye so beautiful a scarlet, as the French can, though with the same drugs, perhaps on account of the superior purity of their air. But, though so much is necessary for the perfection of the more curious and complicated manufactures, all nations possess those which are subservient to the common conveniences of life; the loom and the forge, particularly, are of the highest antiquity.

H. Yes; I remember Hector bids Andromache return to her apartment, and employ herself in weaving with her maids;* and I remember the shield of Achilles.†

* Andromache was daughter to Eetion, king of Thebes, and wife to Hector, son of Priam, the last king of Troy. When Troy was besieged by the Greeks, Hector was appointed captain of the Trojan forces; and, during the war, which lasted ten years, Andromache remained in Troy, employed in her domestic concerns. The account which is given by the poet Homer, of the parting of Hector and Andromache, when he was going to a battle, is a very tender and pathetic passage. When Troy was destroyed, Hector was slain, and his wife taken prisoner, and carried to Epirus, where she became the wife of the Greek who captured her, and who was named Neoptolemus. This happened, about eleven hundred and eighty-four years before the birth of our Saviour. — J. W. I.

† *Achilles* was a Greek hero, who is said to have been, while an infant, dipped by his mother in the river Styx, which rendered him invulnerable, (or incapable of being wounded,)

F. True; and you likewise remember, in an earlier period, the fine linen of Egypt; and, to go still further back, the working in brass and iron is recorded of Tubal Cain, before the flood.*

H. Which is the most important, manufactures or agriculture?

F. Agriculture is the most ***necessary***, because it is, first of all, necessary that man should live; but, almost all the enjoyments and comforts of life are produced by manufactures.

H. Why are we obliged to take so much pains to make ourselves comfortable?

F. To exercise our industry. Nature provides the materials for man. She pours out at his feet a profusion of gems, metals, dyes, plants, ores, barks, stones, gums, wax, marbles, woods, roots, skins, earths, and minerals of all kinds. She has likewise given him tools.

H. I did not know that Nature gave us tools.

in every part except the heel, by which she held him. At the siege of Troy, he received a wound in the heel, which caused his death. He is said to have been the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. It is said, that a suit of armor was made for him by Vulcan, one of the heathen deities, who presided over fire, and worked as a blacksmith, in iron, and other metals. This armor is said to have been proof against all weapons. — J. W. I.

* In the forty-first chapter of Genesis, (verse forty-second,) Pharaoh is said to have arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen. This was about one thousand seven hundred and fifteen years before the birth of our Saviour. Tubal Cain is mentioned in the fourth chapter of Genesis, (verse twenty-second.) He lived about fifteen hundred years before the flood, or three thousand eight hundred before the birth of our *Saviour.* — J. W. I.

F. No! what are those two instruments you carry always about with you, so strong, and yet so flexible, so nicely jointed, and branched out into five long, taper, unequal divisions, any of which may be contracted or stretched out, at pleasure; the extremities of which have a feeling so wonderfully delicate, and which are strengthened and defended by horn!

H. The hands.

F. Yes. Man is as much superior to the brutes, in his outward form, by means of the hand, as he is in his mind, by the gifts of reason. The trunk of the elephant comes, perhaps, the nearest to it, in its exquisite feeling and flexibility; (it is, indeed, called his hand, in Latin;) and, accordingly, that animal has always been reckoned the wisest of brutes. When Nature gave man the hand, she said to him, "Exercise your ingenuity, and work." As soon as ever man rises above the state of a savage, he begins to contrive and to make things, in order to improve his forlorn condition. Thus, you may remember, Thomson represents Industry coming to the poor, shivering wretch, and teaching him the arts of life:

> "Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
> Till, by degrees, the finished fabric rose;
> Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
> And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
> Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn."

H. It must require a great deal of knowledge, I suppose, for so many curious works. What kind of knowledge is most necessary?

F. There is not any which may not be occasionally employed; but the two sciences, which most assist the manufacturer, are *mechanics* and *chemistry:* the one, for building mills, working of mines, and, in general, for constructing wheels, wedges, pulleys, &c., either to shorten the labor of man, by performing it in less time, or to perform what the strength of man, alone, could not accomplish; the other, in fusing and working ores, in dying and bleaching, and extracting the virtues of various substances, for particular uses. The making of soap, for instance, is a chemical operation; and by chemistry, an ingenious gentleman found out a way of bleaching a piece of cloth, in eight and forty hours, which, by the common process, would have taken up a great many weeks. You have heard of Sir Richard Arkwright,* who died lately.

H. Yes, I have heard he was, at first, only a barber, and shaved people for a penny apiece.

F. He did so; but, having a strong turn for mechanics, he invented, or at least perfected, a machine, by which one pair of hands may do the work of twenty or thirty; and, as in his country every one is free to rise by merit, he acquired the largest fortune in the country, had a great many hundreds of workmen under his orders, and

* An interesting account of Sir Richard Arkwright, and of his inventions, may be found in the second volume of a work entitled 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' forming Vol. XX. of the larger series of 'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.' — J. W. I.

had leave given him, by the king, to put *Sir*, before his name.

H. Did that do him any good ?

F. It pleased him, I suppose, or he would not have accepted of it; and you will allow, I imagine, that, if titles are used, it does honor to those who bestow them, that they are given to such as have made themselves noticed for something useful. Arkwright used to say, that, if he had time to perfect his inventions, he would put a fleece of wool into a box, and it should come out broadcloth.

H. What did he mean by that ? was there any fairy in the box, to turn it into broadcloth with her wand ?

F. He was assisted by the only fairies that ever had the power of transformation,—Art and Industry. He meant, that he would contrive so many machines, wheel within wheel, that the combing, carding, and other various operations, should be performed by mechanism, almost without the hand of man.

H. I think, if I had not been told, I should never have been able to guess that my coat came off the back of the sheep.

F. You hardly would; but there are manufactures, in which the material is much more changed, than in woollen cloth. What can be meaner, in appearance, than sand and ashes ? Would you imagine any thing beautiful could be made out of such a mixture ? Yet the furnace transforms this into that transparent crystal we

call *glass*, than which nothing is more sparkling, more brilliant, more full of lustre. It throws about the rays of light, as if it had life and motion.

H. There is a glass-shop in town, which always puts me in mind of Aladdin's palace.*

F. It is certain, that, if a person, ignorant of the manufacture, were to see one of our capital shops, he would think all the treasures of Golconda† were centred there, and that every drop of cut glass was worth a prince's ransom. Again, who would suppose, on seeing the green stalks of a plant, that it could be formed into a texture so snowy white, so firm, and yet so flexible, as to wrap round the limbs, and adapt itself to every movement of the body? Who would guess, this fibrous stalk could be made to float in such light, undulating folds, as in our lawns and cambrics; not less fine, we presume, than that transparent drapery, which the Romans called *ventus textilis*, that is, *woven wind*.

H. I wonder how any body can spin such fine thread.

F. Their fingers must have the touch of a spider, that, as Pope says,

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;"

* Reference is here made to one of the Arabian tales, called 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp,' in which a palace, built for Aladdin, is spoken of, as being adorned with gold and all manner of precious gems. — J. W. I.

† A kingdom in the East Indies, celebrated for its many diamond mines, and for its other precious stones. — J. W. I.

and indeed, you recollect that Arachne* was a spinster. Lace is a still finer production, from flax, and is one of those, in which the original material is most improved. How many times the price of a pound of flax, do you think that flax is worth, when made into lace?

H. A great many times, I suppose.

F. Flax, at the cheapest rate, is bought at fourteen pence† a pound. They make lace at Valenciennes, in French Flanders, at the price of ten guineas a yard; (I believe, indeed, higher, but we will say ten guineas;) this yard of lace will weigh, probably, not more than half an ounce; what is the value of half an ounce of flax? reckon it.

H. It comes to one farthing and three quarters of a farthing.

F. Right; now tell me how many times the original value of the lace is worth.

H. Prodigious! it is worth five thousand seven hundred and sixty times as much as the flax it is made of.

F. Yet, there is another material that is still more improvable than flax.

H. What can that be?

* A princess, said to have been transformed by Minerva, into a spider, for presuming to vie with her in spinning. — Ed.

† *English Money* is calculated in pounds, (marked £.,) shillings, pence, and farthings. There are also guineas and crowns.

A pound contains 20 shillings, and is worth about 4 dollars 87 cents.
" shilling " 12 pence, " " . . 24¼ "
" penny " 4 farthings " " . . 2 "
" farthing is worth about . . . . . ¼ "
" guinea is worth about 5 dollars 07 cents. A crown, about 1 dollar 15 cents. — J. W. I.

F. Iron. The price of pig-iron* is ten shillings a hundred weight; this is not quite one farthing for two ounces. Now you have seen some of the beautiful cut steel, that looks like diamonds.

H. Yes, I have seen buckles, and pins, and watch-chains.

F. Then you can form an idea of it; but you have seen only the most common sorts. There was a chain made at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and sent to France, which weighed only two ounces, and cost £170. Calculate, how many times that had increased its value.

H. Amazing! it was worth one hundred and sixty-three thousand six hundred times the value of the iron it was made of.

F. This is what manufactures can do. Here, man is a kind of creator, and, like the great Creator, he may please himself with his work, and say it is good. In the last-mentioned manufacture, that of steel, the English have the honor of excelling all the world.

H. What are the chief manufactures of England?

F. It has, at present, a greater variety than I can pretend to enumerate; but the staple manufacture is woollen cloth.† England abounds in

* When iron is melted from the ore, it is cast into large masses called pigs. Pig-iron, therefore, means the iron in pigs, or before it is manufactured into any article. — J. W. I.

† This description of manufactures is entirely confined to those of England. The young American reader must bear this in mind. When Mrs. Barbauld wrote her stories for children, there were no manufactures established in America.

fine pastures and extensive downs, which feed great numbers of sheep; hence her wool has always been a valuable article of trade; but the inhabitants did not always know how to work it. They used to sell it to the Flemish*or Lombards,† who wrought it into cloth; till, in the year 1326, Edward the Third invited some Flemish weavers over to teach the art; but there was not much made in England, till the reign of Henry the Seventh. Manchester and Birmingham are towns, which have arisen to great consequence, from small beginnings, within a few years; the first, for cotton and muslin goods, the second, for cutlery and hardware, in which, at this moment, they excel all Europe. Of late years, too, carpets, beautiful as fine tapestry, have been fabricated. English

Now, we have many kinds, nearly, if not quite, equal to those of England. — Ed.

* The Flemish are inhabitants of Flanders, a country bordering on the North Sea, or German ocean, north of France, and opposite that part of England, in which London is situated. The land is, in some parts, a perfect level, and, in other parts, consists of undulating plains. The soil is very fertile, and is well watered by many rivers, and conveniently situated for trade. The manufactures of lace and fine linen are very considerable. It contains some of the finest cities in the world; one of which, Ghent, is celebrated for the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Great Britain, in December, 1814. — J. W. I.

† The Lombards were inhabitants of Lombardy, a kingdom which anciently comprised the whole northern part of Italy. The name is now commonly given to the whole tract of country lying between the Alps and Appennine mountains, though it is properly applicable only to the valley of the River Po. — J. W. I.

clocks and watches are greatly esteemed. The earthenware plates and dishes, which we all use in common, and elegant sets for the tea-table, ornamented with musical instruments, are made in a very extensive manufactory, the seat of which is is at Burslem, in Staffordshire. The principal potteries there belong to one person, an excellent chemist, and a man of great taste ; he, in conjunction with another man of taste, who has since died, has made English clay more valuable than the finest porcelain of China. He has moulded it into all the forms of grace and beauty that are to be met with, in the precious remains of the Greek and Etruscan artists.* In the more common articles, he has pencilled it with the most elegant designs, shaped it into shells and leaves, twisted it into wicker-work, and trailed the ductile foliage round the light basket. He has filled our cabinets and chimney-pieces with urns, lamps, and vases, on which are lightly traced, with the purest simplicity, the fine forms and floating draperies of Herculaneum.† In short, he has given to our

* The Etruscans were inhabitants of Etruria, a country of Italy, now called Tuscany. They were celebrated for their knowledge of the arts, and for the good taste of their various productions. — J. W. I.

† Herculaneum was an ancient city, near Naples, which was overwhelmed in the year of our Lord 79, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, a celebrated volcano of Italy. After being buried under the lava for about sixteen hundred and thirty-four years, the city was discovered, twenty-four feet under ground, in the year 1713, by some laborers, who were digging a well. The streets and houses, so far as the *lava has been* removed, have been found to be perfect, with

houses a classic air, and has made every saloon and every dining-room, schools of taste. I should add, that there is a great demand abroad for this elegant manufacture. The Empress of Russia has had some magnificent services of it; and one was sent to the king of Spain, intended as a present from him to the archbishop of Toledo, which cost a thousand pounds.

H. I should like very much to see manufactures, now you have told me such curious things about them.

F. You will do well. There is much more entertainment, to a cultivated mind, in seeing a pin made, than in many a fashionable diversion, which young people half ruin themselves to attend. In the meantime, I will give you some account of one of the most elegant of them, which is *paper*.

H. Pray do, my dear father.

F. It shall be left for another evening, however, for it is now late. Good night.

THE FLYING FISH.

THE Flying Fish, says the fable, had originally no wings; but, being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at being always con-

the furniture, utensils, paintings, statues, and other works of art and curiosity, just as they were left by the inhabitants, when they fled from the city to preserve their lives. These valuable antiquities are preserved in the museums at Naples, and Portici, a small town in the neighborhood. — J. W. L.

fined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly, like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of Nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish, which are continually pursuing me, and which render my life miserable." She, therefore, petitioned Jupiter* for a pair of wings; and immediately she perceived her fins to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became, at the same time, so strong, as to do the office of a pinion. She was, at first, much pleased with her new powers, and looked, with an air of disdain, on all her former companions; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the tropic bird, and the albatross; and when, for safety, she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was less able than ever to escape from her old enemies, the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recall his present; but Jupiter said to her, "When I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favor, keep as a punishment!"

* Jupiter was the supreme deity of the ancient heathens. —J. W. I.

HYMN.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground; I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the West, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon; there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked, the sun broke forth again from the East, and gilded the mountain tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish and refuse to eat. It spun itself into a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay, without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again, it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed.

Thy body shall return to the dust, whence it came, but thy soul to God, who gave it.

Who is He that cometh, to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds *of heaven?*

He descendeth on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goeth before Him ; thousands of angels are on His right hand.

It is Jesus, the Son of God ; the Saviour of men ; the Friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory of His Father ; He hath received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality ! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued : Jesus hath conquered death. Child of immortality ! mourn no longer.

We cannot see Him here, but we will love him here ; we must be now on earth, but we will often think on Heaven.

That happy land is our home ; we are to be here but for a little while, and there forever, even for ages of eternal years.

A LESSON IN THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

Father. COME hither, Charles ; what is that you see grazing, in the meadow before you ?

Charles. It is a horse.

F. Whose horse is it ?

C. I do not know ; I never saw it before.

F. How do you know that it is a horse, if you never saw it before ?

C. Because it is like other horses.

F. Are all horses alike, then?

C. Yes.

F. If they are all alike, how do you know one horse from another?

C. They are not quite alike.

F. But they are so much alike, that you can easily distinguish a horse from a cow?

C. Yes, indeed.

F. Or from a cabbage?

C. A horse from a cabbage! yes, surely I can.

F. Very well; then let us see if you can tell how a horse differs from a cabbage?

C. Very easily; a horse is alive.

F. True; and how is every thing called which is alive?

C. I believe all things that are alive are called *animals*.

F. Right; but can you tell me in what respect a horse and a cabbage are alike?

C. Nothing, I believe.

F. Yes, there is one thing in which the slenderest moss, that grows upon the wall, is like the greatest man, or the highest angel.

C. Because God made them.

F. Yes; and how do you call every thing that is made?

C. A creature.

F. A horse, then, is a creature, but a living creature; that is to say, an animal.

C. And a cabbage is a dead creature; that is the difference.

F. Not so, neither; nothing is dead that has never been alive.

C. What must I call it, then, if it is neither dead nor alive ?

F. An inanimate creature. There is the animate and the inanimate creation. Plants, stones, metals, are of the latter class ; horses belong to the former.

C. But the gardener told me, some of my cabbages *were* dead, and some were alive.

F. Very true. Plants have *vegetative* life, a principle of growth and decay. This is common to them, with all organized bodies ; but they have not sensation ; at least, we do not know they have, they have not *life*, therefore, in the sense in which animals enjoy it.

C. A horse is called an animal, then.

F. Yes ; but a salmon is an animal, and so is a sparrow. How will you distinguish a horse from these ?

C. A salmon lives in the water, and swims ; a sparrow flies, and lives in the air.

F. I think a salmon could not walk upon the ground, even if it could live out of the water.

C. No, indeed ; it has no legs.

F. And a bird would not gallop like a horse.

C. No ; it would hop away upon its two slender legs.

F. How many legs has a horse ?

C. Four.

F. And an ox ?

C. Four, likewise.

F. And a camel ?

C. Four, still.

F. Do you know any animals which live upon the earth, that have not four legs ?

C. I think not; they have all four legs; except worms, and insects, and such things.

F. You remember, I suppose, what an animal is called, that has four legs ? you have it in your little books.

C. A quadruped.

F. A horse, then, is a *quadruped;* by this, we distinguish him from birds, fishes, and insects.

C. And from men.

F. True; but if you had been talking about birds, you would not have found it so easy to distinguish them.

C. How so ! a man is not at all like a bird.

F. Yet an ancient philosopher, named Plato,* could find no way to distinguish them, but by calling man *a two-legged animal without feathers.*

C. I think he was very silly. They are not at all alike, though they both have two legs.

F. Another ancient philosopher, called Diogenes,† was of your opinion. He stript a cock of

* *Plato* was a celebrated Greek philosopher, who resided at Athens, and was born about 429, B. C. He died on his eighty-first birthday. His name was given him, (from a Greek word, signifying *broad,*) on account of the breadth of his chest and forehead. — J. W. I.

† *Diogenes* was a celebrated philosopher, who was born in Sinope, the capital of Pontus, in Asia Minor. He was banished from his native place, for coining false money. He then went to Athens, and became one of the sect called Cynics, who were famous for their contempt of riches, the negligence of their dress, and the length of their beards. He used to walk about the streets of Athens, with a tub upon

his feathers, and turned him into the school where Plato was teaching, and said, "Here is Plato's man, for you."

C. I wish I had been there; I should have laughed, very much.

F. Probably. Before we laugh at others, however, let us see what we can do ourselves. We have not yet found any thing which will distinguish a horse from an elephant, or from a Norway rat.

C. O, that is easy enough. An elephant is very large, and a rat is very small. A horse is neither large nor small.

F. Before we go any further, look what is settled on the skirt of your coat.

C. It is a butterfly; what a prodigious large one! I never saw such a one before.

F. Is it larger than a rat, think you?

C. No, that it is not.

F. Yet you called the butterfly large, and you called the rat small.

C. It is very large for a butterfly.

F. It is so. You see, therefore, that large and small are *relative terms.*

C. I do not well understand that phrase.

F. It means, that they have no precise and determinate signification, in themselves, but are applied differently, according to the other ideas which you join with them, and the different po-

his head. This tub served him as a house, and a place of repose. He died about 324, B. C., in the ninety-sixth year of his age. —J. W. I.

sitions in which you view them. This butterfly, therefore, is *large*, compared with those of its own species, and *small*, compared with many other species of animals. Besides, there is no circumstance, which varies more, than the size of individuals. If you were to give an idea of a horse, from its size, you would certainly say, it was much larger than a dog; yet, if you take the smallest Shetland horse, and the largest Irish greyhound, you will find them very much upon a par: size, therefore, is not a circumstance, by which you can accurately distinguish one animal from another; nor yet is color.

C. No; there are black horses, and bay, and white, and pied.

F. But you have not seen that variety of colors, in a hare, for instance.

C. No, a hare is always brown.

F. Yet, if you were to depend upon that circumstance, you would not convey the idea of a hare to a mountaineer, or an inhabitant of Siberia; for he sees them white as snow. We must, therefore, find out some circumstances that do not change, like size and color, and, I may add, shape, though they are not so obvious, nor, perhaps, so striking. Look at the feet of quadrupeds; are they all alike?

C. No; some have long, taper claws, and some have thick, clumsy feet, without claws.

F. The thick feet are horny; are they not?

C. Yes, I recollect they are called hoofs.

F. And the feet that are not covered with horn,

and are divided into claws, are called *digitated*, from *digitus*, a finger; because they are parted, like fingers. Here, then, we have one grand division of quadrupeds into *hoofed* and *digitated*. Of which division is the horse?

C. He is hoofed.

F. There are a great many different kinds of horses. Did you ever know one that was not hoofed?

C. No, never.

F. Do you think we run any hazard of a stranger telling us,—Sir, horses are hoofed, indeed, in your country; but in mine, which is in a different climate, and where we feed them differently, they have claws?

C. No, I dare say not.

F. Then we have found something to our purpose; a circumstance easily marked, which always belongs to the animal, under every variation of situation or treatment. But an ox is hoofed, and so is a sheep; we must distinguish still further. You have often stood by, I suppose, while the smith was shoeing a horse. What kind of a hoof has he?

C. It is round, and all in one piece.

F. And is that of an ox so?

C. No, it is divided.

F. A horse, then, is not only hoofed, but *whole hoofed*. Now, how many quadrupeds do you think there are, in the world, that are whole hoofed?

C. Indeed, I do not know.

F. There are, among all animals that we are

acquainted with, either in this country, or in any other, only the horse, the ass, and the zebra, which is a species of wild ass. Now, therefore, you see we have nearly accomplished our purpose; we have only to distinguish him from the ass.

C. That is easily done, I believe. I should be sorry, if any body could mistake my little horse for an ass.

F. It is not so easy, however, as you imagine. The eye readily distinguishes them by the air and general appearance; but naturalists have been rather puzzled, to fix upon any specific difference, which may serve the purpose of a definition. Some have, therefore, fixed upon the ears, others on the mane and tail. What kind of ears has an ass ?

C. O, very long, clumsy ears. Asses' ears are always laughed at.

F. And the horse ?

C. The horse has small ears, nicely turned, and upright.

F. And the mane; is there no difference there?

C. The horse has a fine, long, flowing, mane ; the ass has hardly any.

F. And the tail ; is it not fuller of hair in the horse, than in the ass ?

C. Yes. The ass has only a few long hairs, at the end of his tail ; but the horse has a long, bushy tail, when it is not cut.

F. Which, by the way, it is a pity it ever should be. Now, then, observe what particulars we have found. *A horse is an animal of the quad-*

ruped kind, whole hoofed, with short, erect ears, a flowing mane, and a tail covered, in every part, with long hairs. Now, is there any other animal, think you, in the world, that answers these particulars ?

C. I do not know. This does not tell us a great deal about him.

F. And yet, it tells us enough, to distinguish him from all the different tribes of the creation, with which we are acquainted, in any part of the earth. Do you know, now, what we have been making ?

C. What ?

F. A DEFINITION. It is the business of a definition, to distinguish, precisely, the thing defined, from every other thing, and to do it in as few terms as possible. Its object is, to separate the subject of definition, first, from those with which it has only a general resemblance ; then, from those which agree with it in a greater variety of particulars ; and so on, till, by constantly throwing out all which have not the qualities we have taken notice of, we come, at length, to the individual, or the species, we wish to ascertain. It is a kind of chase, and resembles the manner of hunting, in some countries, where they first enclose a very large circle, with their dogs, nets, and horses ; and then, by degrees, draw their toils closer and closer, driving their game before them, till it is, at length, brought into so narrow a compass, that the sportsmen have nothing to do, but *to knock down* their prey.

C. Just as we have been hunting this horse, till, at last, we hold him fast by his ears and his tail.

F. I should observe to you, that, in the definition naturalists give of a horse, it is generally mentioned, that he has six cutting teeth in each jaw; because this circumstance of the teeth has been found a very convenient one, for characterizing large classes: but, as it is not absolutely necessary, here, I have omitted it; a definition being the more perfect, the fewer particulars you make use of, provided you can say, with certainty, from those particulars,—The object, so characterized, must be this, and no other, whatever.

C. But, papa, if I had never seen a horse, I should not know what kind of animal it was, by this definition.

F. Let us hear, then, how you would give me an idea of a horse.

C. I would say, it was a fine, large, prancing, creature, with slender legs, and an arched neck, and a sleek, smooth skin, and a tail that sweeps the ground; and that he snorts and neighs very loud, and tosses his head, and runs as swift as the wind.

F. I think you learned some verses upon the horse, in your last lesson: repeat them.

C. **The wanton courser, thus with reins unbound,**
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pampered and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;

His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane, dishevelled, o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
POPE'S *Homer*.

F. You have said it very well; but this is not a *definition*, it is a *description*.

C. What is the difference?

E. A description is intended to give you a lively picture of an object, as if you saw it; it ought to be very full. A definition, gives no picture to those who have not seen it; it rather tells you, what its subject is not, than what it is, by giving you such clear, specific marks, that it shall not be possible to confound it with any thing else; and hence, it is of the greatest use in throwing things into classes. We have a great many beautiful descriptions, from ancient authors, so loosely worded, that we cannot certainly tell what animals are meant by them; whereas, if they had given us definitions, three lines would have shown us their meaning.

C. I like a description best, papa.

F. Perhaps so. I believe I should have done the same, at your age. Remember, however, that nothing is more useful, than to learn to form ideas with precision, and to express them with accuracy. I have not given you a definition, to teach you what a horse is, but to teach you to *think*.

THE PHENIX AND DOVE.

A PHENIX,* who had long inhabited the solitary deserts of Arabia, once flew so near the habitations of men, as to meet with a tame Dove, who was sitting on her nest, with wings expanded, and fondly brooding over her young ones, while she expected her mate, who was foraging abroad, to procure them food. The Phenix, with a kind of insulting compassion, said to her, "Poor bird, how much I pity thee! confined to a single spot, and sunk in domestic cares, thou art continually employed, either in laying eggs, or in providing for thy brood; and thou exhaustest thy life and strength, in perpetuating a feeble and defenceless race. As to myself, I live, exempt from toil, care, and misfortune. I feed upon nothing less

* A fabled Arabian bird, said to live alone, to the great age of five hundred years, and then to die, when a young phenix arises from its ashes, which, in its turn, lives to a great age, and is succeeded by another, in the same way. It has been supposed, that the fable, respecting this bird, arose from the circumstance, that the palm tree, the Greek name of which is phenix, lives to a great age, and the natives of the East say it is never known to decay, unless it has been injured by some instrument. When this happens, the tree is cut down, and burned on the spot, and the root is covered with the ashes. From this root, a new shoot soon arises, which, in a few years, becomes a strong and vigorous tree. This is, literally, a phenix rising from the ashes of a former one.—J. W. I.

precious than rich gums and spices ; I fly through the trackless regions of the air ; and, when I am seen by men, am gazed at with curiosity and astonishment ; I have no one to control my range, no one to provide for ; and, when I have fulfilled my five centuries of life, and seen the revolutions of ages, I rather vanish than die, and a successor, without any care, springs up from my ashes. I am an image of the great sun, whom I adore ; and glory in being, like him, single and alone, and having no likeness."

The Dove replied, " O Phenix ! I pity thee, much more than thou affectest to pity me ! What pleasure canst thou enjoy, who livest, forlorn and solitary, in a trackless and unpeopled desert ; who hast no mate to caress thee, no young ones to excite thy tenderness and reward thy cares, no kindred, no society amongst thy fellows. Not long life, only, but immortality itself, would be a curse, if it were to be bestowed on such uncomfortable terms. For my part, I know that my life will be short, and, therefore, I employ it in raising a numerous posterity, and in opening my heart to all the sweets of domestic happiness. I am beloved by my partner ; I am dear to man ; and shall leave evidence behind me, that I have lived. As to the sun, to whom thou hast presumed to compare thyself, that glorious being is so totally different from, and so infinitely superior to, all the creatures upon earth, that it does not become us to liken ourselves to him, or to determine upon the manner of his *existence.* One obvious difference, however, thou

mayest remark; that the sun, though alone, by his prolific heat produces all things, and, though he shines so high above our heads, gives us reason, every moment, to bless his beams; whereas thou, swelling with thy imaginary greatness, dreamest away a long period of existence, equally void of comfort and usefulness."

HYMN.

THE rose is sweet, but it is surrounded by thorns; the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it springeth up among brambles.

The Spring is pleasant, but it is soon past; the Summer is bright, but the Winter destroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanisheth away; life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a place of rest for the righteous.

In that land, there is an eternal Spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof, rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade.

Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels, with their golden harps, sing praises, continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of love.

This country is Heaven ; it is the country of those that are good ; and nothing that is wicked must dwell there.

The toad must not spit his venom among turtle-doves ; nor the poisonous henbane grow among sweet flowers.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better. There, we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more ; there, the cold of Winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of Summer scorch us.

In that country, there are no wars nor quarrels, but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents die, and are laid in the cold ground, we see them here no more ; but there, we shall embrace them again, and live with them, and be separated no more.

There, we shall meet all good men, whom we read of in holy books.

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful ; and Moses, after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert ; and Elijah, the prophet of God ; and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den ; and there, the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth ; but in that country they will praise Him better, and love Him more.

There, we shall see Jesus, who has gone before us to that happy place ; and there, we shall *behold* the glory of the high God.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.*

Father. I WILL now, as I promised, give you an account of the elegant and useful manufacture of *paper*, the basis of which is, itself, a manufacture. This delicate and beautiful substance is made from the meanest and most disgusting materials; from old rags, which have passed from one poor person to another, and, at length, have, perhaps, dropped in tatters from the child of the beggar. These are carefully picked up from dunghills, or bought from servants by Jews, who make it their business to go about and collect them. They sell them to the rag merchant, who gives from two pence to four pence† a pound, according to their quality; and he, when he has a sufficient quantity, disposes of them to the owner of the paper-mill, who gives them, first, to women to sort and pick, agreeably to their different degrees of goodness; they also cut out, carefully, with a knife, all the seams, which they throw by, for other purposes. They then put them into the dust-

* The manner of procuring the rags for the manufacture of paper, described in this dialogue, is not the same in America as in Europe. Here, in America, we have no persons so very poor as to be obliged to wear old rags for clothing. Nor are there any Jews, who go about to pick up rags to sell. We should be thankful, that we live in a country where none need be so very poor. — ED.

† From three to six cents. — J. W. I.

ing engine, a large circular wire seive, whence they receive some degree of cleansing. The rags are then conveyed to the mill. Here, they were formerly beaten to pieces, with vast hammers, which rose and fell, continually, with a most tremendous noise, that was heard at a great distance. But now, they put the rags into a large trough or cistern, into which a pipe of clear spring water is constantly flowing. In this cistern, is placed a cylinder, about two feet long, set thick round with rows of iron spikes, standing as near as they can to one another, without touching. At the bottom of the trough, there are corresponding rows of spikes. The cylinder is made to whirl round, with inconceivable rapidity, and, with these iron teeth, rends and tears the cloth in every possible direction; till, by the assistance of the water, which continually flows through the cistern, it is thoroughly macerated, and reduced to a fine pulp; and, by the same process, all its impurities are cleansed away, and it is restored to its original whiteness. This process takes about six hours. To improve the color, they then put in a little smalt, which gives it a bluish cast, of which most paper has more or less: the French paper has less of it, than the English. This fine pulp is next put into a copper of warm water. It is the substance of paper, but the form must now be given it. For this purpose, they use a mould, which is made of wire, strong one way, and crossed with that which is finer. This mould they just dip, horizontally, into the copper, and take it out again. It has a

little wooden frame on the edge, by means of which, it retains as much of the pulp as is wanted for the thickness of the sheet, and the superfluity runs off, through the interstices of the wires. Another man instantly receives it, opens the frame, turns out upon soft flannel cloth, called felt, which is placed on the ground to receive it, the thin sheet, which has now shape, but not consistence. On that is placed another piece of felt, and then another sheet of paper, and so on, till they have made a pile of forty or fifty. They are then pressed with a large screw-press, moved by a long lever, which forcibly squeezes the water out of them, and gives them immediate consistence. There is still, however, a great deal to be done. The felts are taken off, and thrown on one side, and the paper on the other, whence it is dexterously taken up, with an instrument in the form of a T, three sheets at a time, and hung on lines to dry. There it hangs, for a week or ten days, which, likewise, further whitens it; and any knots and roughnesses it may have are picked off, carefully, by the women. It is then sized. Size is a kind of glue; and, without this preparation, the paper would not bear ink; it would run and blot, as you see it does on gray paper. The sheets are just dipped into the size, and taken out again. The exact degree of sizing is a matter of nicety, which can only be known by experience. They are then hung up again to dry; and, when dry, taken to the finishing-room, where they are examined, anew, pressed in the dry presses, which gives them their last

gloss and smoothness; counted up into quires, made up in reams, and sent to the stationer, from whom we have it, after he has folded it again, and cut the edges; some, too, he makes to shine like satin, by glossing it with hot plates. The whole process of papermaking takes about three weeks.

H. It is a very curious process, indeed. I shall almost scruple, for the future, to blacken a sheet of paper with a careless scrawl, now I know how much pains it costs, to make it so white and beautiful.

F. It is true, that there is hardly any thing we use, with so much waste and profusion, as this manufacture. We should think ourselves confined in the use of it, if we might not tear, disperse, and destroy, it, in a thousand ways; so that it is really astonishing, whence linen enough can be procured, to answer so vast a demand. As to the coarse brown papers, of which an astonishing quantity is used, by every shopkeeper, in packages, &c., these are made, chiefly, of oakum, that is, old hempen ropes. A fine paper is made, in China, of silk.

H. I have heard, lately, of woven paper; pray, what is that? they cannot weave paper, surely!

F. Your question is very natural. In order to answer it, I must desire you to take a sheet of common paper, and hold it up towards the light. Do you not see marks in it?

H. I see a great many white lines, running

along, lengthwise, like ribs, and smaller, that cross them. I see, too, letters, and the figure of a crown.

F. These are the marks of the wires. The size of the wire prevents so much of the pulp lying upon the sheet in those places, as in others; consequently, wherever the wires are, the paper is thinner, and you see the light through, more readily, which gives that appearance of white lines. The letters, too, are worked in the wire, and are the maker's name. Now, to prevent these lines, which take off from the beauty of the paper, particularly of drawing paper, there have been lately used, moulds of brass wire, exceedingly fine, of equal thickness, and woven, or latticed, one within another; the marks, therefore, of these, are easily pressed out, so as to be hardly visible; if you look at a sheet of woven paper, you will see it is quite smooth.

H. It is so.

F. I should mention to you, that a discovery has been made, by which they can make paper, equal to any in whiteness, of the coarsest brown rags, and even of dyed cottons; which they have, till now, been obliged to throw by, for inferior purposes. This is by means of the oxide, or rust, of a metal, called manganese, and oil of vitriol; a mixture of which, they just pass through the pulp, while it is in water, (for otherwise, it would injure it,) and in an instant, it discharges the colors of the dyed cloths, and bleaches the brown to a beautiful whiteness.

H. That is like what you told me, of bleaching cloth in a few hours.

F. It is, indeed, founded upon the same discovery. The paper, made of these brown rags, is, likewise, more valuable, from being very tough and strong, almost like parchment.

H. When was the making of paper found out?

F. It is a disputed point; but, probably, in the fourteenth century. The invention has been of almost equal consequence to literature, as that of printing itself; and shows how the arts and sciences, like children of the same family, mutually assist and bring forward each other.*

* This article gives an interesting account of the process of papermaking as it was at the time Mrs. Barbauld wrote; but the young reader should be informed, that an almost entire revolution has taken place in the process, since that time. The art of making paper was known in the East, in the beginning of the eighth century, (about A. D. 700.) It was first composed of silk or cotton. It was not made of linen rags, till about the fourteenth century, (A. D. 1300.) Coarse *brown* paper was first manufactured in England, A. D. 1588, and writing and printing paper not till the year 1690. It continued to be made in the manner described by Mrs. Barbauld, till about the year 1820, when a papermaking machine was invented; and now, the greater portion of all the paper used is manufactured by machinery. Instead of the pulp being dipped up in a mould, it is now drawn out from the cistern, (or vat, as it is called,) upon the surface of an endless web of brass wire, carried round two cylinders placed about twelve feet apart, which are constantly revolving, and, at the same time, vibrating with a tremulous motion, which serves to even the pulp upon the wire. The pulp thus forms a long sheet, which passes under a cylinder covered with flannel, which is *placed over one* of the two cylinders just spoken of, when it

HYMN.

CHILD of reason ! whence comest thou ? What hath thine eye observed, and whither has thy foot been wandering ?

I have been wandering along the meadows, in the thick grass. The cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade ; the corn sprung up under the furrows ; the poppy, and the harebell grew among the wheat ; the fields were bright with Summer, and glowing with beauty.

Didst thou see nothing more ? Didst thou observe nothing besides ? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these. God was among the fields ; and didst thou not perceive Him ? His beauty was amongst the meadows ; His smiles enlivened the sunshine.

I have walked through the thick forest ; the wind whispered among the trees ; the brook fell

is taken upon a felt-web, and pressed between other cylinders, whence it passes over several heated cylinders, for the purpose of being dried, and is finally wound off in a continued sheet, upon a reel, prepared for the purpose, and then cut into the proper-sized sheets, for use. Instead of the roughnesses and knots being picked off by the women, after the sheets are made, as mentioned by Mrs. Barbauld, the pulp itself is cleansed from whatever would produce a roughness of the surface of the paper, by means of a machine called a pulp-dresser. The manufacture of paper is a very curious and interesting process ; and we recommend to our young readers to visit some paper-mill, when they have opportunity, and *witness it for themselves.* — J. W. I.

from the rocks, with a pleasant murmur; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough, and the birds sung to each other, amongst the branches.

Didst thou hear nothing but the murmur of the brook? No whispers, but the whispers of the wind? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these. God was among the trees; His voice sounded in the murmur of the water; His music warbled in the shade; and didst thou not attend?

I saw the moon, rising behind the trees; it was like a lamp of gold: the stars, one after another, appeared in the clear firmament. Presently, I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south; the lightning streamed in thick flashes over the sky; the thunder growled at a distance; it came nearer, I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible.

Did thy heart feel no terror, but of the thunderbolt? Was there nothing bright and terrible, but the lightning? Return, O, child of reason! for there are greater things than these. God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive Him? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge Him?

God is in every place; He speaks in every sound we hear; He is seen in all that our eyes behold; nothing, O, child of reason! is without God: let God, therefore, be in all thy thoughts.

THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A YOUNG Mouse lived in a cupboard, where sweetmeats were kept: she dined, every day, upon biscuit, marmalade,* or fine sugar. Never had any little mouse lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family, while they sat at supper; nay, she had sometimes stole down on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her. She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then she ran, trembling, to her hole, behind the wainscot. One day, she came running to her mother, in great joy. Mother! said she, the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard; I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough: the bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires; and, I dare say, they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat, which ran after me so often. There is an entrance just big enough for me, but puss cannot follow; and they have been so good as to put in some toasted cheese, which smells so deliciously, that I should have run in, directly, and taken possession of my new

* A sweetmeat, composed of the pulp of quinces, plums, apricots, &c., *boiled into* a consistence with sugar. — J. W. L.

house, but I thought I would tell you first, that we might go in together, and both lodge there to-night, for it will hold us both.

My dear child, said the old mouse, it is most happy that you did not go in; for this house is called a trap, and you would never have come out again, except to have been devoured, or put to death, in some way or other. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as much our enemy, and has still more cunning.

THE WASP AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A WASP met a Bee, and said to him, pray, can you tell me what is the reason, that men are so illnatured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make me much handsomer than you are; we are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people, when we are angry; yet men always hate me, and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-table, and at all their meals; while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them. Yet, they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of *and feed you*, in the Winter, very often. I wonder *what is the* reason.

The Bee said, because you never do them any good, but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous; therefore, they do not like to see you; but they know that I am busy, all day long, in making them honey. You would do better, to pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful.

THE MASK OF NATURE.

Who is this beautiful virgin, that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats, to welcome her coming; and, when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me, who is she, and what is her name?

Who is this, that cometh from the South, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips

with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out, plentifully, around her. The sunburnt haymakers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree; let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass; let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the South? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name?

Who is he, that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding, in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name?

Who is he, that cometh from the North, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak

close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire piled high upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches, turns to ice. If he were to stroke you, with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name?

HYMN.

See, where stands the cottage of the laborer, covered with warm thatch! The mother is spinning at the door; the young children sport before her, on the grass; the elder ones learn to labor, and are obedient; the father worketh, to provide them food. Either he tilleth the ground, or he gathereth corn, or shaketh the ripe apples from the tree: his children run to meet him, when he cometh home, and his wife prepareth the wholesome meal.

The father, the mother, and the children, make a family; the father is the master thereof. If the family is numerous, and the grounds large,

there are servants to help do the work. All these dwell in one house; they sleep beneath one roof; they eat of the same bread; their hearts are bowed together, night and morning, adoring their Creator: they are very closely united, and are dearer to each other, than any strangers. If one is sick, they mourn together; and if one is happy, they rejoice together.

Many houses are built together; many families live near one another; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice; and they gather together to worship the great God, in companies. If one is poor, his neighbor helpeth him; if he is sad, he comforteth him. This is a village; see where it stands, enclosed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houses, it is a town; it is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a state or kingdom. It is enclosed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is washed by seas: the inhabitants thereof are countrymen; they speak the same language; they make war and peace together; a king or governor is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms, and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world. God governeth it. The people swarm upon the face of it, like ants upon a hillock. Some are black with *with* the hot sun; some cover themselves with furs,

against the sharp cold ; some drink of the fruit of the vine ; some, of the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut ; and others quench their thirst with the running stream.

All are God's family ; he knoweth every one of them, as a shepherd knoweth his flock. They pray to him in different languages, but he understands them all : he heareth them all ; he taketh care of all. None are so great, that he cannot punish them ; none are so mean, that he will not protect them.

Monarch, that rulest over a hundred states ; whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land ; boast not thyself, as though there was none above thee : God is above thee ; his powerful arm is always over thee ; and, if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord : families of men, call upon the name of your God.

PART SECOND.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

A DIALOGUE.

MAMMA ! said Harriet Beechwood, I have just heard such a proud speech of a poor man ! you would wonder, if you heard it.

Not much Harriet ; for pride and poverty can very well agree together :—but what was it ?

Why, mamma, you know the charity school, that Lady Mary has set up, and how neat the girls look, in their brown stuff gowns and little straw bonnets.

Yes, I think it a very good institution ; the poor girls are taught to read, and spell, and sew, and, what is better still, to be good.

Well, mamma, Lady Mary's gardener, a poor man, who lives in a cottage just by the great house, has a little girl ; and so, because she was a pretty little girl, Lady Mary offered to put her into this school ; and do you know, he would not let her go !

Indeed !

Yes : he thanked her, and said, " I have only one little girl, and I love her dearly ; and, though I am a poor man, I would rather work my fingers to the bone, than she should wear a charity dress.

I do not doubt, my dear Harriet, that a great many people will have the same idea of this poor man's behavior, which you have ; but, for my own part, I am inclined to think, it indicates something of a noble and generous spirit.

Was it not proud, to say she should not wear a charity dress ?

Why should she ? Would you wear a charity dress ?

O, mamma, but this is a poor man !

He is able to pay for her learning, I suppose ; otherwise, he would certainly do wrong, to refuse his child the advantage of instruction, because his feelings were hurt by it.

Yes, he is going to put her to Mrs. Primmer's, across the Green ; she will have half a mile to walk.

That will do her no hurt.

But he is throwing his money away ; for he might have his little girl taught for nothing ; and, as he is a poor man, he ought to be thankful for it.

Pray, what do you mean, by a poor man ?

O, a man,—those men that live in poor houses, and work all day, and are hired for it.

I cannot tell, exactly, how you define a poor house : but, as to working, your papa is in a public office, and works all day long, and more hours,

certainly, than the laborer does; and he is hired to do it, for he would not do the work, but for the salary they give him.

But you do not live like those poor people, and you do not wear a check apron, like the gardener's wife.

Neither am I covered with lace and jewels, like a duchess: there is as much difference between our manner of living and that of many people, above us in fortune, as between ours and this gardener's, whom you call poor.

What is being poor, then? Is there no such thing?

Indeed, I hardly know how to answer your question. Rich and poor are comparative terms; and, provided a man is in no want of the necessaries of life, and is not in debt, he can only be said to be poor, comparatively with others, of whom the same might be affirmed, by those who are still richer. But, to whatever degree of indigence you apply the term, you must take care not to confound a *poor man* with a *pauper*.

What is a pauper? I thought they were the same thing.

A pauper is one who cannot maintain himself, and who is maintained by the charity of the community. Your gardener was not a pauper; he worked for what he had, and he paid for what he had; and, therefore, he had a right to expect that his child should not be confounded with the children of the idle, the profligate, and the dissolute, *who are* maintained upon charity. I wish the lower *classes had* more of this honorable pride.

Is it a crime to be a pauper ?

To be a pauper is often the consequence of vice ; and, where it is not, it justly degrades a man from his rank in society. If the gardener's daughter were to wear a kind of charity badge, the little girls she plays with would consider her as having lost her rank in society. You would not like to lose your rank, and to be thrust down lower than your proper place in society. There are several things it would not at all hurt you to do, which you would not choose to do, on this account : for instance, to carry a bandbox through the street. Yet it would not hurt you to carry a bandbox ; you would carry a greater weight in your garden, for pleasure.

But, I thought gardeners and such sort of people had no rank.

That is a very great mistake. Every one has his rank, his place in society ; and, so far as rank is a source of honorable pride, there is less difference in rank, between you and the gardener, than between the gardener and a pauper. Between the greater part of those we call different classes, there is only the difference of less and more ; the spending a hundred, or five hundred, or five thousand, a year ; the eating off earthenware, or china, or plate : but there is a real and essential difference between the man who provides for his family by his own exertions, and him who is supported by charity. The gardener has a right to stretch out his nervous arm, and to say, " This right hand, under Providence, provides for myself and my

family; I earn what I eat, I am a burden to no one; and, therefore, if I have any superfluity, I have a right to spend it as I please, and to dress my little girl to my own fancy."

But do you not think, mamma, that a brown stuff gown and a straw bonnet would be a much more proper dress, for the lower sort of people, than any thing gaudy? If they are much dressed, you know, we always laugh at their vulgar finery.

They care very little for your laughing at them; they do not dress to please you.

Whom do they dress to please?

Whom do you dress to please?

You, my dear mamma, and papa.

Not entirely, I fancy: you tell me the truth, but not the whole truth. Well, they dress to please their fathers and mothers, their young companions, and their other friends.

I have often heard Lady Selina say, that, if all the lower orders were to have a plain, uniform dress, it would be much better; and that, if a poor person is neat and clean, it is quite enough.

Better for whom? Enough for whom?—for themselves, or for us? They have a natural love of ornament, as well as we have. It is true, they can do our work as well, in a plainer dress; but, when the work is done, and the time of enjoyment comes,—in the dance on the green, or the tea-party among their friends,—who shall hinder them from indulging their taste and fancy, and laying out the money, they have so fairly earned, in what best *pleases them?*

But they are not content, without following our fashions; and they are so ridiculous in their imitations of them. I was quite diverted to see Molly, the pastrycook's girl, tossing her head about in a hat and riband which, I dare say, she thought very fashionable; but such a caricature of the mode,—I was so diverted!

You may be diverted, with a safer conscience, when I assure you, that the laugh goes round. London laughs at the country, the Court laughs at the city, and, I dare say, your pastrycook's girl laughs at somebody, who is distanced by herself in the race of fashion.

But every body says, and I have heard you say, mamma, that the kind of people I mean, and servants particularly, are very extravagant in dress.

That, unfortunately, is true. They very often are so; and, when they marry, they suffer for it, severely. But do you not think many young ladies are equally so? Did you not see, at your last dancing-school ball, many a girl, whose father cannot give her a thousand pounds, covered with lace and ornaments?

It is very true.

Are not some wealthy people sometimes driven, by extravagance, to pawn* their plate and jewels?

I have heard so.

* To pawn, means to give something to another, as a pledge or security for the payment of money, or the fulfilment of a promise. — J. W. I.

The only security against improper expense is dignity of mind, and moderation. These are not common, in any rank; and I do not know, why we should expect them to be more common, among the lower and uneducated classes, than among the higher. To return to your gardener. He has certainly a right to dress his girl as he pleases, without asking you or me; but I shall think he does not make a wise use of that right, if he lays out his money in finery, instead of providing the more substantial comforts and enjoyments of life. And I should think exactly the same of my neighbor, in the great house in the park.

Have servants a rank?*

Certainly; and you will find them very tenacious of it. A gentleman's butler† will not go behind a coach; a lady's maid will not go on an errand.

Are they not very saucy, to refuse doing it, if they are ordered?

No; if they refuse civilly. They are hired to do certain things, not to obey you in every thing. There are many ranks above, but there are, also, many ranks below, them; and they have both the right and the inclination to support their place in society.

But their masters would respect them the more, if they did not stand upon these punctilios.‡

* Degree of dignity. — J. W. I.

† A servant employed in furnishing the table. — J. W. I.

‡ Nice points of exactness,—small niceties of behavior. — *J. W. I.*

But I have told you it is not our approbation they seek. When the lower orders mix with the higher, it is to maintain themselves, and get money; and, if they are honest, they will do their work faithfully. But it is amongst their equals that they seek for affection, applause, and admiration; and there they meet with it. It matters very little in what rank a man is, provided he is esteemed, and reckoned a man of consequence there. The feelings of vanity are exactly the same in a countess's daughter, dancing at court, and a milkwoman, figuring at a country hop.

But surely, mamma, the countess's daughter will be more really elegant?

That will depend very much upon individual taste. However, the higher ranks have so many advantages for cultivating taste, so much money to lay out in decoration, and are so early taught the graces of air and manner to set off those decorations, that it would be absurd, to deny their superiority in this particular. But Taste has one great enemy to contend with.

What is that?

Fashion,—an arbitrary and capricious tyrant, who reigns, with the most despotic sway, over that department which Taste, alone, ought to regulate. It is Fashion, that imprisons the slender nymph in the vast rotunda of the hoop, and loads her with heavy ornaments, when she is conscious, if she dared rebel, she should dance lighter and look better, in a dress of one tenth part of the price. Fashion sometimes orders her to cut off

her beautiful tresses, and present the appearance of a cropped schoolboy; and, though this is a sacrifice which a nun, going to be professed, looks upon as one of the severest she is to make, she obeys without a murmur. The Winter arrives, and she is cold; but Fashion orders her to leave off half her clothes, and be abroad half the night. She complies, though at the risk of her life. A great deal more might be said about this tyrant; but, as we have had enough of grave conversation for the present, we will here drop the subject.

THE RIVER AND THE BROOK.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a River, which was very large, and flowed through a great extent of country, which it rendered fruitful and pleasant. It was some miles broad, at its mouth; it was navigable, for a long way up the stream, and ships of large burden floated on its bosom. The River, elated with its own consequence, despised all the little brooks and streams which fell into it; and, swelling above its banks with pride, said to them, "Ye petty and inconsiderable streams, that hasten to lose your names and your being in my flood, how little does your feeble tribute increase my greatness! whether you withhold or bring it, I feel no increase, and shall perceive no diminution."

"Proud stream!" replied a little Brook, which lifted up its head and murmured these words; "Dost thou not know, that all thy greatness is owing to us, whom thou despisest?"

The River, mindless of this reproof, in wanton pride overflowed its banks. But, the next Summer proving a very hot one, all the little streams, were dried up, and the River was so far dried, that men and cattle could wade over it; and a strong wind bringing a heap of dust across its stream, it was lost in the sands, and never heard of afterwards.

DESCRIPTION OF TWO SISTERS.

DEAR COUSIN,—Our conversation, last night, upon beauties, put me in mind of two charming sisters, with whom I think you must be acquainted, as well as I, though they were not in your list of belles. Their charms are very different, however, from those of the belles of your list. The youngest is generally thought the handsomest; and yet, other beauties shine more in her company, than in her sister's; whether it be, that her gay looks diffuse a lustre on all around, while her sister's beauty has an air of majesty, which strikes with awe, or that the younger sets every one she is with, in the fairest light, and discovers perfections which were before concealed, whilst the elder seems only solicitous to set off her own

person, and throw a shade upon every one else: yet, what you will think strange, it is she, who is generally preferred for a confidant; for her sister, with all her amiable qualities, cannot keep a secret.

O! what an eye the younger has! as if she could look a person through; yet, modest is her countenance, even and composed her pace, and she treads so softly! "Smooth sliding, without step," as Milton says. She seldom meets you, without blushing; her sister cannot blush; she dresses very gayly, sometimes in clouded silks, which, indeed, she first brought into fashion, but blue is her most becoming color, and she generally appears in it. Now and then, she wears a very rich scarf, or sash, braided with all manner of colors.

The elder, like the Spanish ladies, dresses in black, in order to set off her jewels, of which she has a greater quantity than any lady in the land, and, if I might judge, much finer. I cannot pretend to give you a catalogue of them; they are of all sizes, and set in all figures. Her enemies say, she does well to adorn her dusky brow with brilliants, and that, without them, she would be but little taken notice of; but certain it is, she has inspired more serious and enthusiastic passions than her sister, whose admirers are often fops, more in love with themselves than with her. A learned clergyman, some time ago, fell deeply in love with her, and wrote a fine copy *of verses* on her; and, what was worse, her

sister could not go into company, without hearing them.

One thing they quite agree in,—not to go out of their way or alter their pace, for any body. Once or twice, indeed, I have heard that the younger ——, but it was a great while ago, and she was not so old, then, and so was more complaisant. She is generally waked with a fine concert of music, the other prefers a good solo.

But see! the younger beauty looks pale and sick,—she faints,—she is certainly dying,—a slight blush is still upon her cheek,—it fades, fast, fast. She is gone; yet a sweet smile overspreads her countenance. Will she revive? Shall *I* ever see her again? Who can tell me?*

* The very young reader may need to be informed, that, by these two sisters, are intended to be represented, Night and Day. Things, which it is wished to conceal, are generally done in the night; because, when done in the light of day, they cannot so well be kept secret. The "rosy blush of morn," and the "blue vault of heaven," will be called to mind, by one part of the Allegory; while another will remind the reader of "the black and dark night," and "spangled heavens," studded with stars, as with jewels and brilliants. The latter part of the Allegory will remind many readers of the beautiful hymn, beginning,

"Softly, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away." — J. W. I.

ON EXPENSE.

A DIALOGUE.

You seem to be in a reverie, Harriet; or are you tired with your long, bustling walk through the streets of London?

Not at all, papa; but I was wondering at something.

A grown person, even, cannot walk through such a metropolis, without meeting with many things to wonder at. But let us hear the particular subject of your admiration; was it the height and circumference of St. Paul's, or the Automaton, or the magical effect of the Panorama,* that has most struck you?

No, papa; but I was wondering how you, who have always so much money in your pockets, can go through the streets of London, all full of fine shops, and not buy things; I am sure, if I had money, I could not help spending it all.

As you never have a great deal of money, and

* St. Paul's Cathedral is a celebrated church in London. The Automaton is a machine, that has the power of motion within itself, different kinds of which, are frequently exhibited in large cities and towns. The Panorama is a large picture, arranged in a circle, so that every part of it is at the same distance from the spectator, who is placed in the centre. Those of our readers who have been in Boston or New York, have probably seen Panoramas, such as those of Jerusalem, *Niagara, &c.* —J. W. I.

it is given you, only to please your fancy with, there is no harm in your spending it in any thing for which you have a mind; but it, is very well for you, and me, too, that the money does not *burn* in my pocket, as it does in yours.

No, to be sure, you would not spend all your money in those shops, because you must buy bread and meat, but you might spend a good deal. But you walk past, just as if you did not see them: you never stop, to give one look. Now tell me really, papa, can you help *wishing* for all those pretty things that stand in the shop-windows?

For all! Would you have me wish for all of them? But I will answer you seriously. I do walk by these tempting shops without wishing for any thing, and, indeed, in general, without seeing them.

Well, that is because you are a man, and you do not care for what I admire so very much.

No, there you are mistaken; for, though I may not admire them, so very much as you say you do, there are a vast number of things sold in London, which it would give me great pleasure to have in my possession. I should greatly like one of Dollond's best achromatic telescopes.* I could

* A telescope is an optical instrument, used for viewing distant objects, as the moon, stars, and other heavenly bodies. There are various kinds of telescopes. That referred to, above, was invented by Mr. John Dollond, who was born in the year 1706, and died in 1761. It is called the Achromatic (or colorless) Telescope, because it is so constructed as to present images of objects nearly destitute of the colored bor-

lay out a great deal of money, if I had it to spare, in books of botany, and natural history. Nay, I assure you, I should by no means be indifferent to the fine fruit exposed at the fruit-shops ; the plums, with the blue upon them, as if they were just taken from the tree, the luscious hothouse grapes, and the melons and pineapples. Believe me, I could eat these things with as good a relish as you could.

Then, how can you help buying them, when you have money ; and especially, papa, how can you help thinking about them, and wishing for them ?

London is the best place in the world, to cure a person of extravagance, and even of extravagant wishes. I see so many costly things, here, which I know I could not buy, even if I were to lay out all the money I have in the world, that I never think of buying any thing which I do not really want. Our furniture, you know, is old and plain. Perhaps, if there were only a little better furniture to be had, I might be tempted to change it ; but, when I see houses where a whole fortune is laid out in decorating a set of apartments, I am content with chairs, whose only use is to sit down upon, and tables, that were in fashion half a century ago. In short, I have formed the habit of *self-government*, one of the most useful powers a

der, which is a defect in almost all other telescopes. An interesting notice of Mr. Dollond, and his optical experiments, may be found in the second volume of ' Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' forming the twentieth volume of the larger *series of* ' THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.' — J. W. I.

man can be possessed of. Self-government belongs only to civilized man; a savage has no idea of it. A North American Indian is temperate, when he has no liquor; but, as soon as liquor is within his reach, he invariably drinks till he is first furious, and then insensible. He possesses no power over himself, and he, literally, can no more help it, than iron can help being drawn by the loadstone.*

But he seldom gets liquor; so he has not a habit of drinking.

You are right; he has not the habit of drinking, but he wants the habit of self-control. This can only be gained, by being often in the midst of temptations, and resisting them. This is the wholesome discipline of the mind. The first time a man denies himself any thing he likes, and which it is in his power to procure, there is a great struggle within him, and uneasy wishes will disturb, for some time, the tranquillity of his mind. He has gained the victory, but the enemy dies hard. The next time, he does not wish so much, but he still thinks about it. After a while, he does not think of it; he does not even see it. A person of moderate fortune, like myself, who lives in a gay and splendid metropolis, is accustomed to see,

* A loadstone, or magnet, is an ore of iron, which has the property of attracting or drawing to itself, iron or steel. It also possesses the peculiar property of pointing exactly (or nearly so) to the North and South, when suspended, or balanced upon a pivot, or point. — J. W. I.

every day, a hundred things, which it would be madness to think of buying.

Yes; but suppose you were very rich, papa?

No man is so rich, as to buy every thing his unrestrained fancy might prompt him to desire. Hounds and horses, pictures, and statues, and buildings, will exhaust any fortune. There is hardly any one taste, so simple or innocent, but what a man might spend his whole estate in it, if he were resolved to gratify it, to the utmost. A very wealthy man may just as easily ruin himself, by extravagance, as a private man; and, indeed, many do so.

But suppose you were a king?

If I were a king, the mischief would be much greater; for I should ruin, not only myself, but my subjects.

A king could not hurt his subjects, however, with buying toys, or things to eat.

Indeed, but he might. What is a diamond, but a mere toy? But a large diamond is an object of princely expense. That called the Pitt diamond was valued at £1,000,000.* It was offered to George the Second, but he wisely thought it

* The Regent or Pitt Diamond, is so called from its having been purchased by Mr. Pitt, governor of Bencoolen, in the Island of Sumatra, and sold by him to the Regent Duke of Orleans, by whom it was placed among the Crown jewels of France, where it now remains. Its value, as estimated by a commission of jewellers, in the year 1791, is about $2,222,-400. The value given by Mrs. Barbauld, is about $4,875,000. George II., to whom it is said to have been offered, was king *of Great Britain*, and died in the year 1760. — J. W. I.

too dear. The dress of the late Queen of France* was thought, by the prudent Necker, a serious object of expense, in the revenues of that large kingdom; and her extravagance, and that of the King's brothers, had a great share in bringing on the calamities of the kingdom.† As to eating, you could gratify yourself, with laying out a shilling or two at the pastrycook's ;‡ but Prince Potemkin, who had the revenues of the mighty empire of Russia at command, could not please his appetite without his dish of sterlet§ soup, which cost, every time it was made, above thirty pounds ;¶ and he would send one of his aids-de-camp‖ an errand from Yassy to Petersburg, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, to fetch him a tureen of it. He once bought all the cherries of a tree in a greenhouse, at about half-a-crown¶ apiece. The Roman empire was far richer than the Russian, and, in the

* Marie Antoinette, the daughter of Maria Theresa, (Empress of Hungary,) and wife of Louis XVI., King of France. During the French Revolution in 1789 to 1793, she was beheaded, as was also the king, and many of the most eminent persons of France. Necker was minister of finance, or treasurer, to Louis XVI. — J. W. I.

† Alluding to the French Revolution, which took place in the year 1792, when the King and Queen, and many other persons, were put to death. — J. W. I.

‡ A pastrycook is one whose occupation it is to make and sell pies, cakes, and other articles made of pastry. — J. W. I.

§ A fish, found in the Caspian Sea. — J. W. I.

‖ Military officers, acting as aids or assistants to the commanding general. — J. W. I.

¶ See note on page 49, for a table of the value of English money. — J. W. I.

time of the Emperors, was all under the power of one man. Yet, when they had such gluttons as Vitellius and Heliogabalus,* the revenue of whole provinces was hardly sufficient to give them a dinner. They had tongues of nightingales, and such kind of dishes, the value of which was merely in the expense.

I think the throat of the poor little nightingales might have given them much more pleasure, than the tongue.

True : but the proverb says, "The belly has no ears." In modern Rome, Pope Adrian, a frugal Dutchman, complained of the expense his predecessor, Leo X., was at, in peacock-sausages.† The expenses of Louis XIV. were of a more elegant kind ; he was fond of fine tapestry, mirrors, gardens, statues, and magnificent palaces. These tastes were becoming in a great king, and would have been serviceable to his kingdom, if kept within proper limits. But he could not deny himself any thing, however extravagant, that it came in his mind to wish for ; and, indeed, would have imagined it beneath him, to think at all about the expense ; and, therefore, while he was throwing up water, fifty feet high, at his palaces of Ver-

* Two Emperors of Rome, noted for their gluttony and licentiousness. Vitellius reigned only one year, and was then put to death, in the year of our Lord 69. Heliogabalus reigned about three years and three months, and was killed by the people, in the year 222. — J. W. I.

† Leo X., was made Pope in 1513, and died in 1521. Adrian VI., was made Pope in 1522, and died in 1525. — *J. W. I.*

sailles and Marly,* and spouting it out of the mouths of dolphins and tritons, thousands of his people, in the distant provinces, were wanting bread.

I am sure I would not have done so, to please my fancy.

Nor he, neither, perhaps, if he had seen them; but these poor men and their families were a great way off, and all the people about him looked pleased and happy, and said, he was the most generous prince the world had ever seen.

Well, but if I had Aladdin's lamp,† I might have every thing I wished for.

I am glad, at least, I have driven you to fairy-land. You might, no doubt, with the lamp of Aladdin, or Fortunatus' purse,† have every thing you wished for; but do you know, what the consequences would be?

Very pleasant, I should think.

On the contrary, you would become whimsical and capricious, and would soon grow tired of eve-

* Louis XIV., King of France, built a magnificent palace at Versailles, furnishing it with beautiful gardens, adorned with statues, canals, fountains, &c. The dolphins were representations in the shape of those fishes; and they were so placed, that the waters of the fountain gushed out of their mouths. The Tritons were representations of the fabulous sea deity of that name, who is said to have been the trumpeter of Neptune. — J. W. I.

† In the Arabian tale of Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp, mention is made of an old lamp, the possessor of which was enabled to gratify his wishes in every thing. Fortunatus's purse was of a similar character. It always contained as much money as its owner needed, for any particular occasion. — *J. W. I.*

ry thing. We do not receive pleasure, long, from any thing that is not bought with our own labor. This is one of those permanent laws of Nature, which man cannot change; and, therefore, pleasure and exertion will never be separated, even in imagination, in a well-regulated mind. I could tell you of a couple, who received more true enjoyment of their fortune, than Aladdin himself.

Pray do.

The couple, I am thinking of, lived, about a century ago, in one of our rich trading towns, which was then just beginning to rise, by manufacturing tapes and inkle.* They had married, because they loved one another; they had very little to begin with, but they were not afraid, because they were industrious. When the husband had come to be the richest merchant in the place, he took great pleasure in talking over his small beginnings; but he used always to add, that, poor as he was when he married, he would not have taken a thousand pounds for the table from which his dame and he ate their dinner.

What! had he so costly a table before he was grown rich?

On the contrary, he had no table at all; and his wife and he used to sit close together, and place their dish of pottage upon their knees; their knees were the table. They soon got forward in the world, as industrious people generally do, and were enabled to purchase one thing after another: first, perhaps, a deal table; after a while, a ma-

* A kind of tape. — Ed.

hogany one; then a sumptuous sideboard. At first, they sat on wooden benches; then, they had two or three rush-bottomed chairs; and, when they were rich enough to have an arm-chair for the husband, and another for a friend, to smoke their pipes in, how magnificent they would think themselves! At first, they would treat a neighbor with a slice of bread and cheese, and a draught of beer; by degrees, with a good joint and a pudding; and, at length, with all the delicacies of a fashionable entertainment; and, all along, they would be able to say, "The blessing of God upon our own industry has procured us these things." By this means, they would relish every gradation and increase of their enjoyments; whereas, the man born to a fortune, swallows his pleasures *whole*, he does not *taste* them. Another inconvenience, that attends the man who is born rich, is, that he has not early learned to deny himself. If I were a rich man, though I could not buy every thing I might fancy for myself, yet playthings for you would not easily ruin me, and you would probably have a great deal of pocket-money; and you would grow up, with a confirmed habit of expense, and no ingenuity; for you would never try to make any thing, or to find out some substitute, if you could not get just the thing you wanted. That is a very fine cabinet of shells, which the young heiress showed you the other day: it is perfectly arranged, and mounted with the utmost elegance; and yet, I am sure, she has not half the pleasure in it, which you have had

with those little drawers of shells, of your own collecting, aided by the occasional contributions of friends, which you have arranged for yourself, and display with such triumph. And now, to show you, that I do sometimes think of the pleasures of my dear girl, here is a plaything for you, which I bought, while you were chatting at the door of a shop, with one of your young friends.

A magic-lantern !* how delightful ! O, thank you, papa! Edward, come, and look at my charming magic-lantern.

EARTH.

All the different substances, which we behold, have, by the earliest philosophers, been resolved into four elements,—*Earth*, *Water*, *Air*, and *Fire*. These, combined with endless diversity, under the direction of the great First Mover, form this scene of things,—so complex, so beautiful, so infinitely varied !

Earth is the element, which, on many accounts, claims our chief notice. It forms the bulk of that vast body of matter, which composes our globe ; and, like the bones to the human body, it

* An instrument, by means of which small pictures are represented as magnified to a great size. The pictures are painted on glass, and placed between several lenses, of different magnifying powers, with a light behind them. The enlarged pictures are then thrown upon the wall or a screen. —*J. W. I.*

gives firmness, shape, and solidity, to the various productions of Nature. It is ponderous, dull, unanimated, ever seeking the lowest place; and, except moved by some external impulse, prone to rest in one sluggish mass. Yet, when fermented into life, by the quickening power of vegetation, in how many forms of grace and beauty does it rise to the admiring eye! How gay, how vivid with colors! how fragrant with smells! how rich with tastes,—luscious, poignant, mild, pungent, or saccharine! Into what delicate textures is it spread out, in the thin leaf of the rose, or the light film of the floating gossamer!* How curious, in the elegant ramifications of trees and shrubs, or the light dust which the microscope discovers to contain the seed of future plants.

Nor has Earth less of magnificence, in the various appearances with which, upon a larger scale, its broad surface is diversified; whether we behold it stretched out into immense plains and vast savannas,† whose level green is only bounded by the horizon; or moulded into those gentle risings and easy declivities, whose soft and undulating lines court the pencil of the landscape-painter; or whether, swelled into bulk enormous, it astonishes the eye with vast masses of solid rock and long-continued bulwarks of stone. Such are the

* A fine, filmy substance, like a cobweb, which is often seen in the fields or floating in the air, on clear days, and which is supposed to be spun by the field or flying spider. — J. W. I.

† A savanna is a large, open meadow, or pasture-ground, destitute of *trees*. — J. W. I.

Pyrenees, the Alps, the Andes,* the everlasting boundaries of nations; which, while kingdoms rise and fall, and the lesser works of Nature change their appearance all around them, stand, immovable, on their broad basis, and strike the mind with an idea of stability, little short of eternal duration.

If, from the mountains which possess the middle of Earth, we bend our course to the green verge of her dominions, the utmost limits of her shores, where land and water, like two neighboring potentates, wage eternal war, with what steady majesty does she repel the encroachments of the ever-restless ocean, and dash the turbulence of waves from her strong-ribbed sides!

Nor do thy praises end here:—With a kind of filial veneration, I hail thee, O universal mother of all the elements,—to man the most mild, the most beneficent, the most congenial! Man himself is formed from thee; on thy maternal breast he reposes, when weary; thy teeming lap supplies him with never-failing plenty; and when, for a few years he has moved about upon thy surface, he is gathered again to thy peaceful bosom, at once his nurse, his cradle, and his grave.

Who can reckon up the benefits supplied to us by this parent Earth,—ever serviceable, ever indulgent! with how many productions does she

* Celebrated ranges or chains of mountains. The Pyrenees divide France from Spain. The Alps are the highest mountains in Europe, and separate Italy from France, Switzerland, and Germany. The Andes are an immense chain, which run through the whole continent of America. — J. W. I.

reward the labor of the cultivator! how many more does she pour out spontaneously! How faithfully does she keep, with what large interest does she restore, the seed committed to her by the husbandman! What an abundance does she yield, of food for the poor, of delicacies for the rich! Her wealth is inexhaustible; and all that is called riches amongst men consists, in possessing a small portion of her surface.

How patiently does she support the various burdens laid upon her! We tear her with ploughs and harrows, we crush her with castles and palaces; nay, we penetrate her very bowels, and bring to light the veined marble, the pointed crystal, the ponderous ores, and sparkling gems, deep hid in darkness, the more to excite the industry of man. Yet, torn and harassed as she might seem to be, our mother Earth is still fresh and young, as if she but now came out of the hands of her Creator. Her harvests are as abundant, her horn of plenty as overflowing, her robe as green, her unshorn tresses (the waving foliage of brown forests) as luxuriant; and all her charms as blooming, and full of vigor. Such she remains, and such, we trust, she will remain, till, in some fated hour, the more devouring element of fire, having broken the bonds of harmonious union, shall seize upon its destined prey, and all Nature sink beneath the mighty ruin.

THE PINE AND THE OLIVE.

A FABLE.

A Stoic,* swelling with the proud consciousness of his own worth, took a solitary walk; and, straying amongst the groves of Academus,† he sat down between an Olive and a Pine tree. His

* One of a sect, founded by the philosopher Zeno, who died about the year 264 B. C., in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He was born in the Island of Cyprus, and spent the early part of his life in commercial pursuits. He afterwards spent many years in attending the instructions of the different philosophers of Athens, and, when he had become perfect in every branch of knowledge, and improved from experience as well as observation, he opened a school in Athens, which he taught for forty-eight years. His life was an example, worthy of imitation, of soberness, and moderation; his manners were austere; and to his temperance and regularity, he was indebted for a continual flow of health, which he always enjoyed. He wished to live in the world, as if nothing was properly his own; he loved others, and his affections were extended even to his enemies. He felt a pleasure in being kind, benevolent, and attentive, and taught as a duty, patience and resignation under trials, and an indifference to pain and suffering. His instructions were given in a portico, or *stoa*, as it is called in Greek; hence his followers were termed Stoics. They did not always imitate their master's example. — J. W. I.

† The groves of Academus were in the vicinity of Athens, about one eighth of a mile from the city. Here the philosopher Plato resided, and gave his instructions; and the name has been appropriated to other places of instruction. Our English word Academy is derived from it. — J. W. I.

attention was soon excited by a murmur, which he heard among the leaves. The whispers increased; and, listening attentively, he plainly heard the Pine say to the Olive, as follows: "Poor tree! I pity thee; thou now spreadest thy green leaves, and exultest in all the pride of youth and Spring; but how soon will thy beauty be tarnished! The fruit, which thou exhaustest thyself to bear, shall hardly be shaken from thy boughs, before thou shalt grow dry and withered; thy green veins, now so full of juice, shall be frozen; naked and bare, thou wilt stand exposed to all the storms of Winter, whilst my firmer leaf shall resist the change of the seasons. *Unchangeable* is my motto; and, through the various vicissitudes of the year, I shall continue equally green and vigorous as I am at present."

The Olive, with a graceful wave of her boughs, replied, "It is true thou wilt always continue as thou art at present. Thy leaves will keep that sullen and gloomy green, in which they are now arrayed, and the stiff regularity of thy branches will not yield to those storms which will bow down many of the feebler tenants of the grove. Yet, I wish not to be like thee. I rejoice, when Nature rejoices; and when I am desolate, Nature mourns with me. I fully enjoy pleasure in its season, and I am contented to be subject to the influences of those seasons, and that economy of Nature, by which I flourish. When the Spring approaches, I feel the kindly warmth; my branches swell with young buds, and my leaves unfold; crowds of

singing birds, which never visit thy noxious shade, sport on my boughs; my fruit is offered to the gods, and rejoices men; and, when the decay of Nature approaches, I shed my leaves over the funeral of the falling year, and am well contented, not to stand a single exemption from the mournful desolation I see everywhere around me."

The Pine was unable to frame a reply; and the philosopher turned away his steps, rebuked and humbled.

RIDDLES.

My dear young friends,—I presume you have now all come home for the holydays, and that the brothers, and sisters, and cousins, papas and mammas, uncles and aunts, are all met cheerfully round a Christmas fire, enjoying the company of their friends and relations, and eating plum-pudding and mince-pie. These are very good things; but one cannot always be eating plum-pudding and mince-pie. The days are short, and the weather bad, so that you cannot be much abroad; and I think you must want something to amuse you. Besides, if you have been employed as you ought to have been, at school, and if you are quick and clever,* as I hope you are, you

* This word, in our country, has obtained a signification, different from that which it has above, and which is its proper meaning. It is used in England, only in its correct accepta-

will want some employment for that part of you which thinks, as well as that part of you which eats; and you will like better to solve a riddle, than to crack a nut. Finding out riddles is the same kind of exercise to the mind, which running, and leaping, and wrestling, in sport, are to the body. These are of no use in themselves,—they are not work, but play; but they prepare the body, and make it alert and active, for any thing it may be called to perform, in labor or war. So does the finding out of riddles, especially if they are good, give quickness of thought, and a facility of turning about a problem every way, and viewing it in every possible light. When Archimedes, coming out of the bath, cried, in transport, "*Eureka!*"* (I have found it!) he had been exercising his mind, precisely in the same manner as you will do, when you are searching about for the solution of a riddle.

tion, meaning fit, suitable, convenient, proper, dexterous, skilful, ingenious, adroit. But in this country, it bears the signification of good-natured, well-disposed, honest, possessing a mild or agreeable disposition. — J. W. I.

* Archimedes, the most celebrated among the ancient geometricians, was born at Syracuse, in Sicily, about two hundred and eighty-seven years before the birth of our Saviour. Hiero, king of Syracuse, suspecting that an artist had added some common metal to a crown, which he had directed to be made of pure gold, requested Archimedes to ascertain the fact. He discovered the method of solving the question, while he was in the bath, as mentioned in the text. Archimedes was the inventor of several of the most important mechanical powers, such as the compound pulley, the endless screw, &c. — J. W. I.

And pray, when you are together, do not let any little Miss or Master say, with an affected air, "O! do not ask me; I am so stupid, I never can guess." They do not mean, you should think them stupid and dull; they mean to imply, that these things are too trifling to engage their attention. If they are employed better, it is very well; but if not, say, "I am very sorry, indeed, you are so dull; but we that are clever and quick will exercise our wits upon these; and, as our arms grow stronger by exercise, so will our wits."

Riddles are of high antiquity, and were the employment of grave men, formerly. The first riddle, that we have on record, was proposed by Samson,* at a wedding feast, to the young men of the Philistines, who were invited upon the occasion. The feast lasted seven days; and, if they found it out within the seven days, Samson was to give them thirty suits of clothes, and thirty sheets; and, if they could not guess it, they were to forfeit, the same to him. The riddle was; "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." He had killed a lion, and left its carcass; on returning, soon after, he found a swarm of bees had made use of the skeleton as a hive, and it was full of honeycomb. Struck with the oddness of the circumstance, he made a riddle of it. They puzzled about it, the whole seven days, and would not

* See fourteenth chapter of Judges. — J. W. I.

have found it out, at last, if his wife had not told them.

The Sphinx was a great riddle-maker. According to the fable, she was half a woman and half a lion.* She lived near Thebes, and to every body that came, she proposed a riddle; and, if they did not find it out, she devoured them. At length Œdipus came, and she asked him, "What is that animal, which walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night." Œdipus answered, "Man: in childhood, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet; in middle age, which is noon, he walks erect on two; in old age, he leans on a crutch, which serves for a supplementary third foot."

The famous wise men of Greece did not disdain to send puzzles to each other. They are also fond of riddles in the East. There is a pretty one in some of their tales: "What is that

* The Sphinx was itself a riddle, and is supposed to have had an astronomical allusion to the season of the year when the River Nile begins to rise. Our young readers, who have studied astronomy, know something about the twelve figures called the signs of the Zodiac. The sun apparently moves through these signs, passing through one of them, every month. One of them is called the Lion, (Leo,) and the next to it, the Virgin, (Virgo.) About the time when the sun leaves the sign Leo, and enters that of Virgo, the Nile begins to rise; and this union of the Lion and the Virgin explains one meaning of the Egyptian Sphinx. There is now, in Egypt, a large stone figure of a Sphinx, about one hundred and fifty feet long, and sixty-three feet high. It is composed of one stone, with the exception of the paws. The fabulous animal, spoken of in the text, lived in Thebes, in Greece. Œdipus was son to the king of Thebes. — J. W. I.

tree, which has twelve branches, and each branch thirty leaves, which are all black on one side and white on the other ?"? The tree is the year ; the branches the months ; the leaves, black on one side and white on the other, signify day and night. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, also, had riddles, some of which are still preserved in a very ancient manuscript.

A riddle is a descripton of a thing without the name ; but as it is meant to puzzle, it appears to belong to something else, than what it really does, and often seems contradictory ; but, when you have guessed it, it appears quite clear. It is a bad riddle, if you are at all in doubt, when you have found it out, whether you are right or not. A riddle is not verbal, as charades, conundrums, and rebusses, are : it may be translated into any language, which the others cannot. Addison, would put them all in the class of false wit : but Swift, who was as great a genius, amused himself with making all sorts of puzzles ; and, therefore, I think you need not be ashamed of reading them. It would be pretty entertainment for you, to make a collection of the better ones ; for many are so dull, that they are not worth spending time about. I will conclude, by sending you a few, which will be new to you.

I.

I often murmur, yet I never weep ;
I always lie in bed, yet never sleep ;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed ;

I have no legs, nor feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

II.

Ye youths and ye virgins, come list to my tale,
With youth and with beauty my voice will prevail.
My smile is enchanting, and golden my hair,
And on earth I am fairest of all that is fair;
But my name,—it perhaps may assist you to tell,
That I 'm banished, alike, both from Heaven and hell.
There's a charm in my voice, 't is than music more sweet,
And my tale, oft repeated, untired I repeat.
I flatter, I soothe, I speak kindly to all,
And wherever you go, I am still within call.
Though I thousands have blest, 't is a strange thing to say,
That not one of the thousands e'er wishes my stay,
But when most I enchant him, impatient the more,
The minutes seem hours till my visit is o'er.
In the chase of my love I am ever employed,
Still, still he's pursued, and yet never enjoyed;
O'er hills and o'er valleys unwearied I fly,
But should I o'ertake him, that instant I die;
Yet I spring up again, and again I pursue,
The object still distant, the passion still new.
Now guess,—and to raise your astonishment most,
While you seek me you have me, when found I am lost.

III.

I never talk, but in my sleep;
I never cry, but sometimes weep;
My doors are open, day and night;
Old age I help to better sight;
I, like chamelion, feed on air,
And dust, to me, is dainty fare.

IV.

We are spirits all in white,
On a field as black as night;

There we dance, and sport, and play,
Changing every changing day:
Yet with us is wisdom found,
As we move in mystic round.
Mortals, wouldst thou know the grains
That Ceres* heaps on Libya's plains,
Or leaves that yellow Autumn strews,
Or the stars that Herschel views,
Or find how many drops would drain
The wide-scooped bosom of the main,
Or measure central depths below;—
Ask of us, and thou shalt know.
With fairy feet we compass round
The pyramid's capacious bound,
Or, step by step, ambitious climb
The cloud-capt mountain's height sublime.
Riches though we do not use,
'T is ours to gain, and ours to lose.
From Araby the Blest† we came,
In every land our tongue's the same;
And if our number you require,
Go count the bright Aonian choir.‡
Wouldst thou cast a spell to find
The track of light, the speed of wind,
Or when the snail, with creeping pace,
Shall the swelling globe embrace;
Mortal, ours the powerful spell;—
Ask of us, for we can tell.

* Ceres was the fabled goddess of the earth, and is said to have invented agriculture, and shown mankind how to make the ground bring forth fruits. Libya comprised a large part of northern Africa. Herschel was a celebrated astronomer, who discovered the planet generally called by his name. — J. W. I.

† Araby, or Arabia, is divided into three portions. Arabia Felix, Happy Arabia, or Araby the Blest, Arabia Deserta, or Desert Arabia, and Arabia Petræa, or Stony Arabia. — J. W. I.

‡ The Nine Muses, who were said to dwell on mount Parnassus, in Greece, which was called, also, the Aonian mount. — *J. W. I.*

V.

An unfortunate maid,
I by love was betrayed,
And wasted and pined by my grief;
To deep solitudes, then,
Of rock, mountain, and glen,
From the world I retired for relief.*

Yet there, by the sound
Of my voice, I am found,
Though no footstep betrays where I tread;
The poet and lover,
My haunts to discover,
Still leave at the dawn their soft bed.

If the poet sublime
Address me in rhyme,
In rhyme I support conversation;
To the lover's fond moan
I return groan for groan,
And by sympathy give consolation.

Though I 'm apt, 't is averred,
To love the last word,
Nor can I pretend 't is a fiction;
I shall ne'er be so rude
On your talk to intrude
With any thing like contradiction.

The fair damsels of old
By their mothers were told,
That maids should be seen and not heard;
The reverse is my case,
For you'll ne'er see my face;
To my voice all my charms are transferred.

* Echo is said to have been the fabled daughter of the Air and Earth, and to have fallen in love with a youth, named Narcissus. On being despised by him, she is said to have pined away, and, at last, to have been changed into a stone, which still retained the power of voice, so far as to repeat the last word of what she heard. — J. W. I.

VI.

From rosy bowers, we issue forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
Abroad we take our airy way:
We foster love and kindle strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life:
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel;
Now, smooth as oil, those wounds we heal:
Not strings of pearl are valued more,
Or gems enchased in golden ore;
Yet thousands of us, every day,
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double doors through which we pass;
For, once escaped, back to our cell
No human art can us compel.

VII.

This creature, though extremely thin,
In shape is almost square;
Has many heads, on which ne'er grew
One single lock of hair.

Yet several of their tribe there are,
Whose case you must bewail,
Of whom in truth it may be said
They 've neither head nor tail.

In purer times, ere vice prevailed,
They met with due regard,
The wholesome counsels that they gave,
With reverence were heard.

To marriages and funerals
Their presence added grace,
And though the king himself were by,
They took the highest place.

Their business is to stir up men
A constant watch to keep ;
Instead of which,—O sad reverse !—
They make them fall asleep.

Not so, in former times, it was,
Howe'er it came to pass ;
Though they their company ne'er left,
Till empty was the glass.

The moderns can't be charged with this,
But may their foes defy,
To prove such practices on them,
Though they 're extremely dry.

VIII.

TO THE LADIES.

HARD is my stem, and dry; no root is found
To draw nutritious juices from the ground ;
Yet, of your ivory fingers' magic touch
The quickening power and strange effect is such,
My shrivelled trunk a sudden shade extends,
And from rude storms your tender frame defends.
A hundred times a day, my head is seen
Crowned with a floating canopy of green ;
A hundred times, as struck with sudden blight,
The spreading verdure withers to the sight.
Not Jonah's gourd, by power unseen was made
So soon to flourish, and so soon to fade.
Unlike the Spring's gay race, I flourish most
When groves and gardens all their blooms have lost ;
Lift my green head against the rattling hail,
And brave the driving snows and freezing gale ;
And faithful lovers oft, when storms impend,
Beneath my friendly shade together bend;
There join their heads, within the green recess,
And in the close-wove covert nearer press.
But lately am I known to Britain's isle,
Enough,—you 've guessed,—I see it by your smile.

THE KING IN HIS CASTLE.

My dear Lucy,—Have you made out, who the Four Sisters are ?* If you have, I will tell you another story. It is about a monarch, who lives in a sumptuous castle, raised high above the ground, and built with exquisite art. He takes a great deal of state upon him, and, like Eastern monarchs, transacts every thing by means of his ministers ; for he never appears himself, and, indeed, lives in so retired a manner, that, though it has often excited the curiosity of his subjects, his residence is hidden from them, with as much jealous care, as was that of Pygmalion† from the Tyrians ; and it has never been discovered, with any certainty, which of the chambers of the castle he actually inhabits, though, by means of his numerous spies, he is acquainted with what passes in every one of them.

But I must proceed to give you some account of his chief ministers ; and I will begin with two,

* See page 30. Our young readers were there informed of the meaning of that Allegory ; and we hope, they will be able, of themselves, to find out the meaning of this. — J. W. I.

† Pygmalion was a king of Tyre, in Phenicia, who lived about nine hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Saviour. He became very odious, on account of his avarice and cruelty, and sacrificed every thing to the gratification of his passions. He even murdered his sister's husband, on *account of* his wealth, which he coveted. — J. W. I.

who are mutes. Their office is to bring him quick and faithful intelligence of all that is going forward; this they perform in a very ingenious manner. You have heard of the Mexicans, who, not having the art of writing, supplied the deficiency by painting every thing they have a mind to communicate; so that, when the Spaniards came amongst them, they sent regular accounts to the king of their landing, and all their proceedings, in very intelligible language, without writing a single word. Now, this is just the method of these two mutes; they are continually employed in making pictures of every thing that passes, which they do with wonderful quickness and accuracy, all in miniature, but in exact proportion, and colored after life. These pictures they bring, every moment, to a great gate of the palace, where the King receives them.

The next I shall mention, are two drummers. These have each a great drum, on which they beat soft or loud, quick or slow, according to the occasion. They often entertain the King with music; besides which, they have arrived at such wonderful perfection upon their instrument, and make the strokes with such precision, that, by the different beats, accompanied by proper pauses and intervals, they can express any thing they wish to tell; and the King relies upon them, as much as upon his mutes. There is a sort of covered way, made in the form of a labyrinth, from the station of the drummers to the inner rooms of the palace.

There is a pair of officers,—for you must know, the officers go mightily by pairs,—whose department it is, to keep all nuisances from the palace. They are lodged, for that purpose, under a shed or penthouse, built, with that view, before the front of the palace. They likewise gather and present to the Monarch, sweet odors, essences, and perfumes, with which he regales himself: they likewise inspect the dishes, that are served up at his table; and, if any of them are not fit to be eaten, they give notice for their removal; and sometimes, if any thing offensive is about to enter the palace, they order the agents to shut two little doors, which are in their keeping, and, by that means, prevent its entrance.

The agents are two very active officers, of long reach, and quick execution. The executive part of government is chiefly intrusted to them. They obey the King's commands with a readiness and vigor truly admirable; they defend the castle from all assaults, and are vigilant, in keeping at a distance every annoyance. Their office is branched out into ten subordinate ones; but, in cases which require great exertion, they act together.

I must not omit the beef-eaters.* These stand

* This word is a corrupt pronunciation of the French word *buffetiers*, which is derived from *buffet*, a sideboard, or side-table. These officers belong to the household of the king, and stand by the sideboard, on all occasions of great royal dinners. They are dressed in old-fashioned style, such as was in use about three hundred years ago. St. James's palace is one of the palaces of the King of England. — J. W. I.

in rows, at the great front gate of the palace, much as they do at St. James's, only that they are dressed in white. Their office is to prepare the viands for the King, who is so very lazy, and so much accustomed to have every thing done for him, that, like the King of Bantam,* and some other Eastern monarchs, he requires his meat to be chewed, before it is presented to him.

Close by the beef-eaters lives the King's orator, a fat, portly gentleman, of something a Dutch make, but remarkably voluble and nimble in his motions, notwithstanding. He delivers the King's orders, and explains his will. This gentleman is a good deal of an epicure, which, I suppose, is the reason he has his station so near to the beef-eaters. He is a perfect connoisseur in good eating, and assumes a right of tasting all the dishes; and the King pays the greatest regard to his opinion. Justice obliges me to confess, that this orator is one of the most flippant and ungovernable of the King's subjects.

Among the inferior officers, are the porters, two stout, lusty fellows, who carry the King about, from place to place, (for I am sure you are, by this time, too well acquainted with his disposition, to suppose he performs that office for himself;)

* *Bantam* is a kingdom in the Island of Java, in the Indian Ocean. It was formerly the chief resort of vessels from Europe; but, owing to its harbors being much choked up, with earth washed down from the mountains, and the growth of coral reefs rendering it inaccessible to large vessels, its trade is now transferred to other places. — J. W. L.

but, as most great men's officers have their deputies, so these lazy porters are very apt to get their business done by deputy, and to have people to carry *them* about.

I should never have done, if I were to mention all the particulars of the domestic establishment and internal economy of the castle, which is all arranged with wonderful art and order; how the outgoings are proportioned to the income, and what a fellow-feeling there is, between all the members of the family, from the greatest to the meanest. The King, from his high birth,—on which he values himself much, being of a race and lineage, quite different from any of his subjects,—and from his superior capacity, claims the most absolute obedience; though, as is frequently the case with kings, he is, in fact, most commonly governed by his ministers, who lead him where they please, without his being sensible of it. As you, my dear Lucy, have had more conversation with this King, than most of your age have been honored with, I dare say, you will be at no loss in pointing him out. I therefore add no more, but that I am Yours, &c.

A LECTURE ON THE USE OF WORDS.

My dear mamma, who worked you this scarf? it is excessively pretty.

I am sorry for it, my dear.

Sorry, mamma! are you sorry it is pretty?

No; but I am sorry, if it is *excessively* pretty.

Why so?—a thing cannot be too pretty, can it?

If so, it cannot be excessively pretty. Pray, what do you mean by excessively pretty?

Why, excessively pretty means,—it means very pretty.

What does the word excessively come from? What part of speech is it? You know your grammar?

It is an adverb; the words that end in *ly* are adverbs.

Adverbs are derived from adjectives, by adding *ly*, you should have said; excessive, excessively. And what is the noun, from which they are both derived?

Excess.

And what does excess mean?

It means too much of any thing.

You see, then, that it implies a fault, and, therefore, cannot be applied as a commendation. We say, a man is excessively greedy, excessively liberal; a woman, excessively fine: but not, that a man is excessively wise, a woman excessively faithful to her husband; because, in these, there is no excess: nor is there in beauty; that being the true and just proportion which gives pleasure.

But we say excessively kind.

We do, because kindness has its limits. A person may be too kind to us, who exposes himself to a great and serious inconvenience, to give us a slight pleasure. We also may mean by it,

exceeding that kindness which we have a claim to expect. But when people use it, as they often do, on the slightest occasion, it is certainly as wrong as excessively pretty.

But, mamma, must we always consider so much the exact meaning of words? Every body says, excessively pretty, and excessively tall, and infinitely obliged to you. What harm can it do?

That every body does it, I deny; that the generality do it, is very true; but it is, likewise, true, that the generality are not to be taken as a pattern in any thing. As to the harm it does,—in the first place, it hurts our sincerity.

Why, it is not telling a lie, sure?

Certainly I do not mean to say it is; but it tends to sap and undermine the foundations of our integrity, by making us careless, if not in the facts we assert, yet in the measure and degree in which we assert them. If we do not pretend to love those we have no affection for, or to admire those we despise, at least, we lead them to think we admire them more, and love them better, than we really do; and this prepares the way for more serious deviations from truth. So much for its concern with morality. But it has, likewise, a very bad effect on our taste. What, think you, is the reason that young people, especially, run into these vague and exaggerated expressions?

What is vague, mamma?

It means, what has no precise, definite signification. Young people run into these, sometimes,

indeed, from having more feeling than judgement, but, more commonly, from not knowing how to separate their ideas, and tell what it is they are pleased with. They either do not know, or will not give themselves the trouble to mark, the qualities, or to describe the scenes, which disgust or please them, and hope to cover their deficiency, by these overwhelming expressions; as if your dress-maker, not knowing your shape, should make a large loose frock, that would cover you over, were you twice as tall as you are. Now, you would have shown your taste, if, in commending my scarf, you had said, that the pattern was light, or it was rich, or that the work was neat and true; but by saying it was excessively pretty, you showed, you had not considered what it was you admired in it. Did you never hear of the countryman, who said, "there will be monstrous few apples this year, and those few will be huge little?" Poets run into this fault, when they give unmeaning epithets, instead of appropriate description; young ladies, when, in their letters, they run into exaggerated expressions of friendship. You have often admired, in this painting, the variety of tints shaded into one another. Well! what would you think of a painter, who should spread one deep blue over all the sky, and one deep green over the grass and trees? would you not say he was a dauber? and made near objects, and distant objects, and objects in the sun, and objects in the shade, all alike? I think I have some of your early performances, in which you have col-

ored prints pretty much in this style ; but you would not paint so now ?

No, indeed.

Then do not talk so ; do not paint so, with words.

HYMN.

CHILD of mortality ! whence comest thou ? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping ?

I have seen the rose in its beauty ; it spread its leaves to the morning sun. I returned, it was dying upon its stalk ; the grace of the form of it was gone ; its loveliness was vanished away ; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain ; its branches were covered with verdure ; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow ; the trunk was like a strong pillar ; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned, the verdure was nipped by the east wind ; the branches were lopped away by the axe ; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed : it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the stream ; their wings glittered with gold and purple ; their bodies shone like the green emerald ; they were more numerous

than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned, they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them: there were none found, of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he walked, he ran, he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned, he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his nostrils. Therefore do I weep, because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die. Let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

PICNIC.

PRAY, mamma, what is the meaning of *picnic*? I have heard, lately, once or twice, of a *picnic supper*, and I cannot think what it means; I looked for the word in Johnson's Dictionary, and could not find it.

I should wonder if you had; the word was not used in Johnson's time: and, if it had been, I believe he would have disdained to insert it among the legitimate words of the language. I cannot tell

you the derivation of the phrase ;* I believe picnic is originally a cant word, and was first applied to a supper or other meal, in which the entertainment is not provided by any one person, but each of the guests furnishes his dish. In a picnic supper, one supplies the fowls, another the fish, another the wine, and fruit, &c. ; and they all sit down together, and enjoy it.

A very sociable way of making an entertainment.

Yes ; and I would have you observe, that the principle of it may be extended to many other things. No one has a right to be entertained gratis in society ; he must expend, if he wishes to enjoy. Conversation, particularly, is a picnic feast, where every one is to contribute something, according to his genius and ability. Different talents and acquirements compose the different dishes of the entertainment, and the greater variety the better ; but every one must bring something, for society will not tolerate any one, long, who lives wholly at the expense of his neighbors. Did not you observe how agreeably we were entertained at Lady Isabella's party, last night ?

Yes : one of the young ladies sung, and another exhibited her drawings ; and a gentleman told some very good stories.

* It is derived from the Swedish, and means a club, or assembly, where each person contributes to the entertainment. —*J. W. I.*

True: and another lady, who is very much in the fashionable world, gave us a great deal of anecdote; Dr. R., who has just returned from the Continent, gave us an interesting account of the state of Germany; and, in another part of the room, a cluster was gathered round an Edinburgh student and a young Oxonian,* who were holding a lively debate on the power of galvanism. But Lady Isabella, herself, was the charm of the party.

I think she talked very little; and I do not recollect any thing she said, which was particularly striking.

That is true. But it was owing to her address, and attention to her company, that others talked and were heard, by turns; that the modest were encouraged and drawn out, and those inclined to be noisy restrained, and kept in order. She blended and harmonized the talents of each; brought those together, who were likely to be agreeable to each other, and gave us no more of herself, than was necessary to set off others. I noticed, particularly, her good offices to an accomplished but very bashful lady, and a reserved man of science, who wished much to be known to one another, but who would never have been so, without her introduction. As soon as she had fairly engaged them in an interesting conversation, she left them, regardless of her own entertainment, and seated herself by poor Mr. ——, purely because

* One who was educated at the University of Oxford, England. — J. W. I.

he was sitting in a corner, and no one attended to him. You know, that, in chemical preparations, two substances often require a third, to enable them to mix and unite together. Lady Isabella possesses this amalgamating power: this is what she brings to the picnic. I should add, that, two or three times, I observed she dexterously changed topics, and suppressed stories, which were likely to bear hard on the profession or connexions of some of the company. In short, the party which was so agreeable, under her harmonizing influence, would have had quite a different aspect, without her. These merits, however, might easily escape a young observer. But, I dare say, you did not fail to notice Sir Henry B——'s lady, who was declaiming with so much enthusiasm, in the midst of a circle of gentlemen, which she had drawn round her, upon the *beau ideal.**

No, indeed, mamma; I never heard so much fire and feeling: and what a flow of elegant language! I do not wonder her eloquence was so much admired.

She has a great deal of eloquence and taste: she has travelled, and is acquainted with the best works of art. I am not sure, however, whether the gentlemen were admiring, most, her declamation, or the fine turn of her hands and arms. She has a different attitude for every sentiment. Some observations, which she made upon the beauty of

* Ideal beauty, perfection, superior excellence. A species of beauty, created by fancy, or existing in the imagination, *only*. — J. W. I.

statues, seemed to me to go to the verge of what a modest female will allow herself to say upon such subjects; but she has travelled. She was sensible, that she could not fail to gain by the conversation, while beauty of form was the subject of it.

Pray what did ——, the great poet, bring to the picnic? for I think he hardly opened his mouth.

He brought his fame. Many would be gratified with merely seeing him, who had entertained them in their closets; and he, who had so entertained them, had a right to be himself entertained, in that way which he had no talent for joining in. Let every one, I repeat, bring to the entertainment something of the best he possesses, and the picnic table will seldom fail to afford a plentiful banquet.

LETTER FROM GRIMALKIN TO SELIMA.

My dear Selima,—As you are now going to quit the fostering cares of a mother, to enter, young as you are, into the wide world, and conduct yourself by your own prudence, I cannot forbear giving you some parting advice, in this important era of your life.

Your extreme youth, and, permit me to add, the giddiness incident to that period, make me particularly anxious for your welfare. In the

first place, then, let me beg you to remember, that life is not to be spent in running after your own tail. Remember, you were sent into the world to catch rats and mice. It is for this, you are furnished with sharp claws, whiskers to improve your scent, and with such an elasticity and spring in your limbs. Never lose sight of this great end of your existence. When you and your sister are jumping over my back, and kicking and scratching one another's noses, you are indulging the propensities of your nature, and perfecting yourselves in agility and dexterity. But remember, that these frolics are only preparatory to the grand scene of action. Life is long, but youth is short. The gayety of the kitten will most assuredly go off. In a few months, nay even weeks, those spirits and that playfulness, which now exhilarate all who behold you, will subside: and I beg you to reflect, how contemptible you will be, if you should have the gravity of an old cat, without that usefulness, which alone can insure respect and protection, for your maturer years.

In the first place, my dear, obtain a command over your appetites, and take care, that no tempting opportunity ever induces you to make free with the pantry or larder of your mistress. You may possibly slip in and out, without observation; you may lap a little cream, or run away with a chop, without its being missed: but, depend upon it, such practices, sooner or later, will be found *out;* and if, in a single instance, you are discov-

ered, every thing which is missing, will be charged upon you. If Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Susan chooses to regale herself with a cold breast of chicken, which was set by, for supper,—you will have clawed it; or a raspberry cream,—you will have lapped it. Nor is this all. If you have once thrown down a single cup, in your eagerness to get out of the storeroom, every china plate and dish that is ever broken in the house,—you will have broken it; and, though your back promises to be pretty broad, it will not be broad enough for all the mischief that will be laid upon it. Honesty, you will find, is the best policy.

Remember, that the true pleasures of life consist in the exertion of our own powers. If you were to feast, every day, upon roasted partridges, from off Dresden china, and dip your whiskers in syllabubs and creams, it could never give you such true enjoyment, as the commonest food procured by the labor of your own paws. When you have once tasted the exquisite pleasure of catching and playing with a mouse, you will despise the gratification of artificial dainties.

I do not, with some moralists, call cleanliness a half virtue, only. Remember, it is one of the most essential to your sex and station; and if ever you should fail in it, I sincerely hope Mrs. Susan will bestow upon you a good whipping.

Pray, do not spit at strangers, who do you the honor to take notice of you. It is very uncivil behavior, and I have often wondered, that kittens of any breeding should be guilty of it.

Avoid thrusting your nose into every closet and cupboard,—unless, indeed, you smell mice; in which case, it is very becoming.

Should you live, as I hope you will, to see the children of your patroness, you must prepare yourself to exercise that branch of fortitude which consists in patient endurance; for you must expect to be lugged about, pinched, and pulled by the tail, and played a thousand tricks with; all which you must bear, without putting out a claw; for you may depend upon it, if you attempt the least retaliation, you will forever lose the favor of your mistress.

Should there be favorites in the house, such as tame birds, dormice, or a squirrel, great will be your temptations. In such a circumstance, if the cage hangs low, and the door happens to be left open,—to govern your appetite, I know, will be a difficult task. But remember, that nothing is impossible to the governing mind; and that there are instances upon record, of cats, who, in the exercise of self-government, have overcome the strongest propensities of their nature.

If you would make yourself agreeable to your mistress, you must observe times and seasons. You must not startle her, by jumping upon her in a rude manner; and, above all, be sure to sheathe your claws, when you lay your paw upon her lap.

You have, like myself, been brought up in the country, and I fear you may regret the amusements it affords; such as catching butterflies, climbing trees, and watching birds from the win-

dows, which I have done, with great delight, for a whole morning together. But these pleasures are not essential. A town life has, also, its gratifications. You may make many pleasant acquaintances in the neighboring courts and alleys. A concert upon the tiles, in a fine moonlight Summer's evening, may, at once, gratify your ear and your social feelings. Rats and mice are to be met with, every where: and, at any rate, you have reason to be thankful, that so creditable a situation has been found for you; without which, you must have followed the fate of your poor brothers, and, with a stone about your neck, have been drowned in the next pond.

It is only when you have kittens yourself, that you will be able to appreciate the cares of a mother. How unruly have you been, when I wanted to wash your face! how undutiful, in galloping about the room, instead of coming immediately, when I called you! But nothing can subdue the affections of a parent. Being grave and thoughtful in my nature, and having the advantage of residing in a literary family, I have mused deeply on the subject of education; I have pored, by moonlight, over Locke, and Edgeworth, and Mrs. Hamilton, and the laws of association: but, after much cogitation, I am only convinced of this, that kittens will be kittens, and old cats, old cats. May you, my dear, be an honor to all your relations, and to the whole feline race. May you see your descendants of the fiftieth generation. And, when you depart this life, may the lamenta-

tions of your kindred exceed, in pathos, the melody of an Irish howl.

Signed by the paw of your affectionate mother,

GRIMALKIN.

ON THE USES OF HISTORY.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR LYDIA,—I was told, the other day, that you had not forgotten a promise of mine, to correspond with you, upon some subjects which might be worth discussing, and relative to your pursuits. I have often recollected it, also; and, as promises ought not only to be recollected, but fulfilled, I will, without further preface, throw together some thoughts on *History*,—a study that I know you value, as it deserves; and I trust it will not be disagreeable to you, if you should find some observations, which your own mind may have suggested, or which you may recollect to have heard from me, in some of those hours which we spent together, with mutual pleasure.

Much has been said of the uses of History. They are, no doubt, many; yet they do not apply, equally, to all persons. But it is quite sufficient to make it a study worth our pains and time, that it satisfies the desire, which naturally arises in every intelligent mind, to know the transactions of the country, or of the globe, in which he lives.

Facts, as facts, interest our curiosity, and engage our attention.

Suppose a person placed in a part of the world, where he was a total stranger; he would naturally ask, who are the chief people of the place, what family they are of, whether any of their ancestors have been famous, and for what.* If he see a ruined abbey, he will inquire what the building was used for; and if he be told, it is a place where people got up at midnight to sing psalms, and scourged themselves in the day,—he will ask, how there came to be such people, or why there are none now.† If he observes a dilapidated castle, which appears to have been battered by violence, he will ask, in what quarrel it suffered, and why they built, formerly, structures so different from any we see now. If any part of the inhabitants should speak a different language from the rest, or have some singular customs among them, he would suppose they came, originally, from some remote part of the country, and would in-

* Questions, such as these, might be interesting to an English person, or one born in any country governed like England, where men are respected and thought much of, on account of their high birth, and their long line of eminent ancestors; but in our own country, where every one is judged by his own merits, and not by those of his parents, such questions would not often be thought of. *We* should inquire, what good things the person himself had done; for what he had made himself famous: and our respect for him would be in proportion to his own good conduct, and the services he had rendered to his fellow-creatures. — J. W. I.

† There *are* such people, now; though, we trust, none in our happy country. — J. W. I.

form himself, if he could, of the cause of their peculiarities.*

If he were of a curious temper, he might continue his inquiries, till he had informed himself, to whom every estate in the parish belonged; what hands they had gone through; how one man gained this field, by marrying an heiress, and the other lost that meadow, by a ruinous lawsuit. He might feel delighted, on hearing the relation of the opposition, made by an honest yeoman to an overbearing rich man, on the subject of an accustomed pathway, or right of common. If he should find the town or village divided into parties, he would take some pains to trace the original cause of their dissension, and to find out, if possible, who had the right on his side. Circumstances would often occur, to excite his attention. If he saw an ancient bridge, he would ask when, and by whom, it was built. If, in digging in his garden, he should find utensils of a singular form and construction, or a pot of money, with a stamp and legend quite different from the common coin, he would be led to inquire, when they were in use, and to whom they had belonged. His curiosity would extend itself, by degrees. If a brook ran through the meadows, he would be pleased to trace it, till it swelled into a river, and to trace the river, till it lost itself in the sea. He would ask,

* Perhaps those, among whom these "singular customs" existed, were the original inhabitants of the country; and those, whose customs differed from them, were the new comers "from some remote part." — J. W. I.

whose seat he saw upon the edge of a distant forest, and what sort of country lay behind the range of hills, that bounded his utmost view. If any strangers came to visit, or reside in the place where he lived, he would question them about the country from which they came, their connexions and alliances, and the remarkable transactions that had taken place within their memory, or that of their parents. The answers to these questions would, insensibly, grow up into *History*, which, as you see, does not originate in abstruse speculation, but grows, naturally, out of our situation and relative connexions. It gratifies a curiosity, which all feel, in some degree, but which spreads and enlarges itself with the cultivation of our powers, till, at length, it embraces the whole globe which we inhabit. To know is as natural to the mind, as to see is to the eye; and knowledge is, itself, an ultimate end. But, though this may be esteemed an ultimate and sufficient end, the study of history is important to various purposes. Few pursuits tend more to enlarge the mind. It gives us, and it, only, can give us, an extended knowledge of human nature; not human nature as it exists in one age, or climate, or particular spot of earth, but human nature under all the various circumstances by which it can be affected. It shows us, what is radical and what is adventitious; that man is still man, in Turkey and in Lapland; as a vassal in Russia, or a member of a wandering tribe in India; in ancient Athens, or modern

Rome; yet, that his character is susceptible of violent changes, and becomes moulded into infinite diversities, by the influence of government, climate, civilization, wealth, and poverty. By showing us how man has acted, it shows us, to a certain degree, how he will ever act, in given circumstances; and general rules and maxims are drawn from it, for the service of the lawgiver and the statesman.

Here, I must observe, however, with regard to *events*, that a knowledge of History does not seem to give us any great advantage in foreseeing and preparing for them. The deepest politician, with all his knowledge of the revolutions of past ages, could probably no more have predicted the course and termination of the late French Revolution,* than a common man. The state of our own national debt has baffled calculation; the course of ages has presented nothing like it. Who could have pronounced, that the struggle of the Americans would be successful? that of the Poles, unsuccessful? Human characters, indeed, act

* The Revolution in France, during which the King and Queen, and many of the best people in the country, were put to death, had taken place only a short time before Mrs. Barbauld wrote this article. The national debt of Great Britian, mentioned in the next sentence, is the sum which that country owed to different persons, and which appears to be every year increasing. It now amounts to a very large sum, being about thirty-five hundred millions of dollars. The struggle of the Americans, next spoken of, means the Revolutionary War, which had been ended only a short time before this piece was written. — J. W. I.

always alike; but events depend upon circumstances, as well as characters; and circumstances are infinitely various, and changed by the slightest causes. A battle, won or lost, may decide the fate of an empire; but a battle may be won or lost, by a shower of snow being blown to the east or the west; by a horse (the general's) losing his shoe; by a bullet or an arrow taking a direction, a tenth part of an inch one way or the other. The whole course of the French affairs might have been changed, if the King had not stopped to breakfast,* or if the postmaster of Varennes had not happened to know him. These are particulars, which no man can foresee; and, therefore, no man can, with precision, foresee events.

The rising up of certain characters, at particular periods, ranks among those unforeseen circumstances, that powerfully influence events. Often does a single man, as Epaminondas, ennoble his country, and leave a long track of light after him, to future ages. And who can tell, how much even America owed to the *accident*† of being served by such a man as Washington? There are always many probable events. All that his-

* The circumstances, here mentioned, were wellknown occurrences, which took place during the journey of Louis XIV., from Versailles to Paris. — J. W. I.

† There was no *accident* in the case. Washington was raised up for his important station, by Him, who "doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth;" who knows what is best, and who always does what is right; and without whose permission, not a sparrow falleth to the ground. — J. W. I.

tory enables the politician to do, is, to predict that one or other of them will take place. If so and so, it will be this; if so and so, it will be that; but which, he cannot tell. There are, always, combinations of circumstances, which have never met before, from the creation of the world, and which mock all power of calculation. But let the circumstances, and the characters upon the stage, be known, and History will tell him what to expect from them. It will tell him, with certainty, for instance, that a treaty extorted, by force, from distress, will be broken, when opportunity offers; that a powerful nation will make its advantage of the divisions of a weaker, which applies for its assistance.

It is another advantage of History, that it stores the mind with facts, that apply to most subjects which occur in conversation, among enlightened people. Whether morals, commerce, languages, or polite literature, be the object of discussion, it is History that must supply her large storehouse of proofs and illustrations. A man or a woman may decline, without blame, many subjects of literature; but to be ignorant of History is not permitted to any one of a cultivated mind. It may be reckoned, among its advantages, that this study naturally increases the love of every man to his country. We can only love what we know; it is by becoming acquainted with the long line of patriots, heroes, and distinguished men, that we learn to love the country which has produced *them*.

But I must conclude this letter, already, perhaps, too long, though I have not arrived at the end of my subject. It will give me, soon, another opportunity of subscribing myself,

Your ever affectionate friend.

LETTER II.

I LEFT off, my dear Lydia, with mentioning, among the advantages of an acquaintance with History, that it fosters the sentiments of patriotism.

What is a man's country? To the unlettered peasant, who has never left his native village, that village is his country, and, consequently, all of it he can love. The man who mixes in the world, and has a large acquaintance with the characters existing, along with himself, upon the stage of it, has a wider range. His idea of a country extends to its civil polity, its military triumphs, the eloquence of its courts, and the splendor of its capital. All the great and good characters, he is acquainted with, swell his idea of its importance, and endear to him the society of which he is a member. But how wonderfully does this idea expand, and how majestic a form does it put on, when History conducts our retrospective view through past ages! How much more has the man to love, how much to interest him, in his country, in whom her image is identified with the

virtues of an Alfred,* with the exploits of the Henrys and Edwards, with the fame and fortunes of the Sidneys and Hampdens, the Lockes and Miltons, who have illustrated her annals! He learns to value himself upon his ancestry, and to feel interested for the honor and prosperity of the whole line of descendants. Could a Swiss, think you, be so good a patriot, who had never heard of the name of William Tell? or the Hollander, who should be unacquainted with the glorious struggle, which freed his nation from the tyrrany of the Duke of Alva? or the American, who had never heard of Washington?

The Englishman, conversant with History, has been long acquainted with his country. He knew her, in the infancy of her greatness; has seen her, perhaps, in the wattled huts† and slender canoes, in which Cæsar discovered her; he has watched her rising fortunes, has trembled at her dangers, rejoiced at her deliverances, and shared, with honest pride, triumphs, that were celebrated ages before he was born. He has traced her gradual improvement, through many a dark and turbulent period, many a storm of civil warfare, to the fair reign of her liberty and law, to the ful-

* See page 19, for a notice of Alfred. The other names given in this sentence, are those of celebrated Englishmen, who made for themselves a reputation which will last, as long as the world shall endure. — J. W. I.

† Huts made by the binding or interweaving of twigs or pliable branches, one with another, forming a sort of network. — J. W. I.

ness of her prosperity, and the amplitude of her fame.

Or, should our patriot have his lot cast in some age and country which has declined from this high station of pre-eminence; should he observe the gathering glooms of superstition and ignorance, ready to close, again, over the bright horizon; should Liberty lie prostrate at the feet of a despot, and the golden stream of commerce, diverted into other channels, leave nothing but beggary and wretchedness around him;—even then, in these ebbing fortunes of his country, History, like a faithful meter, would tell him, how high the tide had once risen: he would not tread, unconsciously, the ground where the Muses and the Arts had once resided, like the goat that stupidly browses upon the fane of Minerva.* Even the name of his country will be dear and venerable to him. He will muse over her fallen greatness, sit down under the shade of her never-dying laurels, build his little cottage amidst the ruins of her towers and temples, and contemplate, with tenderness and respect, the decaying age of his once illustrious parent.

But, if an acquaintance with History thus increases a rational love of our country, it also tends

* There were several fanes (or temples) dedicated to Minerva, who was the heathen goddess of wisdom. The principal of these were, that called the Parthenon, at Athens, and one at a place called Sunium, parts of both which are still to be seen. They are in ruins, and the grass grows among their broken columns, and goats and other animals graze there. — J. W. I.

to check those low, illiberal, vulgar prejudices, which adhere to the uninformed of every nation. Travelling will also cure them; but to travel is not within the power of every one. There is no use, but a great deal of harm, in fostering a contempt for other nations; in an arrogant assumption of superiority, and the clownish sneer of ignorance, at every thing in laws, government, or manners, which is not fashioned after our partial ideas and familiar usages. A well-informed person will not be apt to exclaim, at every event out of the common way, that nothing like it has ever happened, since the creation of the world; that such atrocities are totally unheard of in any age or nation;—sentiments we have all of us so often heard, of late, on the subject of the French Revolution: when, in fact we can scarcely open a page of History, without being struck with similar and equal enormities. Indeed, party spirit is very much cooled and checked, by an acquaintance with the events of past times.

When we see the mixed and imperfect virtue of the most distinguished characters; the variety of motives, some pure and some impure, which influence political conduct; the partial success of the wisest schemes, and the frequent failure of the fairest hopes; we shall find it more difficult to choose a side, and to keep up an interest towards it, in our minds, than to restrain our feelings and language within the bounds of good sense and moderation. This, by the way, makes it particularly proper that *ladies*, who interest themselves

in the events of public life, should have their minds cultivated, by an acquaintance with History, without which, they are apt to let the whole warmth of their natures flow out upon party matters, in an ardor, more honest than wise, more zealous than candid.

With regard to the moral uses of History, what has just been mentioned may stand for one. It serves, also, by exercise, to strengthen the moral feelings. The traits of generosity, heroism, disinterestedness, and magnanimity, are scattered over it, like sparkling gems, and arrest the attention of the most common reader. It is wonderfully interesting, to follow the revolutions of a great state, particularly when they lead to the successful termination of some glorious contest. Is it true ? a child asks, when you tell him a wonderful story, that strikes his imagination. The writer of fiction has the unlimited command of events and of characters ; yet that single circumstance of truth,—that the events, related, really came to pass, that the heroes, brought upon the stage, really existed,—counterbalances, with respect to interest, all the privileges of the former, and, in a mind a little accustomed to exertion, will throw the advantage on the side of the historian.

The more History approaches to biography, the more interest it excites. Where the materials are meager and scanty, the antiquarian and the chronologer may dwell upon the page ; but it will seldom excite the glow of admiration, or draw the delicious tear of sensibility. I must acknowl-

edge, however, in order to be candid, that the emotions, excited by the actions of our species, are not always of so pleasing or so edifying a nature. The miseries and the vices of man form a large part of the picture of human society. The pure mind is disgusted by depravity, the existence of which it could not have imagined to itself; and the feeling heart is cruelly lacerated, by the sad repetition of wrongs and oppressions, chains and slaughter, sack and massacre, which assail it in every page. Till the mind has gained some strength, so frightful a picture should hardly be presented to it. Chosen periods of History may be selected for youth, as the society of chosen characters precedes, in well-regulated education, a more indiscriminate acquaintance with the world. In favor of a more extended view, I can only say, that truth is truth; man must be shown, as the being he really is, or no real knowledge is gained. If a young person were to read only the *Beauties of History*, or, according to the scheme of Madame Genlis, stories and characters, in which all that was vicious should be left out, he might as well, for any real acquaintance with life he would gain, have been all the while reading 'Sir Charles Grandison,' or the 'Princess of Cleves.'*

One consoling idea will present itself, with no small degree of probability, on comparing the annals of past and present times,—that of a tendency to amelioration; at least, it is evidently found in those countries with which we are most connected.

* Two novels, so called. — J. W. I.

But the only balm that can be poured, with full effect, into the feeling mind, which bleeds for the folly and wickedness of man, is the belief, that all events are directed and controlled by Supreme wisdom and goodness. Without this persuasion, the world becomes a desert, and its devastators, the wolves and tigers that prowl over it.

It is needless to insist on the uses of History, to those, whose situation in life gives them room to expect, that their actions may one day become the objects of it. Besides the immediate necessity, to them, of the knowledge it supplies, it affords the strongest motives for their conduct, of hope and fear. The solemn award, the incorruptible tribunal, and the severe, soul-searching inquisition, of posterity, is calculated to strike an awe into their souls. They cannot take refuge in oblivion; it is not permitted them to die: they may be the objects of gratitude or detestation, as long as the world stands. They may flatter themselves, that they have silenced the voice of truth; they may forbid newspapers, and pamphlets, and conversation; but an unseen hand is, all the while, tracing out their history, and, often, their minutest actions, in indelible characters; and it will soon be held up, for the judgement of the world at large.

Lastly, this permanency of human characters tends to cherish in the mind the hope and belief of an existence after death. If we had no notices, from the page of history, of those races of men that have lived before us, they would seem to be completely swept away; and we should no more

think of inquiring what human beings filled our places upon the earth, a thousand harvests ago, than we should think about the generations of cattle, which, at that time, grazed in the marshes of the Tiber,* or the venerable ancestors of the goats that are browsing upon Mount Hymettus;—no vestige would remain, of one any more than of the other, and we might, more pardonably, fall into the opinion, that they both had shared a similar fate. But, when we see illustrious characters continuing to live on, in the eye of posterity, their memories still fresh, and their noble actions shining with all the vivid coloring of truth and reality, ages after the very dust of their tombs is scattered, high conceptions kindle within us; and feeling one immortality, we are led to hope for another. We find it hard to persuade ourselves, that the man, who, like Antoninus† or Soc-

* The Tiber is a small river of Italy, which rises in the Appenine Mountains, and runs through Rome. It is a muddy stream, and would have been an insignificant one, had it not been celebrated by the Roman poets. Hymettus is a mountain, about two miles from the city of Athens, celebrated for the quantity and excellence of the honey, there collected by the bees, which is still held in great estimation. — J. W. I.

† There were two emperors of Rome, named Antoninus, both of whom were wise and good rulers. Antoninus, surnamed Pius, (on account of his remarkable filial affection,) was born about the year of our Lord 86, and died in 161, aged seventy-four years, deeply lamented by the whole kingdom. It has been said of him, that "he is almost the only monarch that has lived, without spilling the blood of his countrymen or his enemies." He was succeeded by Antoninus, who was also called Marcus Aurelius, who was born, A. D. 121, and died in 180, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. This

rates,* fills the world with the sweet perfume of his virtue, the martyr or the patriot, to whom posterity is doing the justice which was denied him by his contemporaries, should, all the while, himself, be blotted out of existence, that he should be benefiting mankind, and doing good, so long after he is capable of receiving any, that we should be so well acquainted with him, and that he should never know any thing of us. That one, who is an active agent in the world, instructing and informing it, inspiring friendship, making disciples, should be nothing,—this does not seem probable; the records of time suggest to us eternity.—Farewell.

LETTER III.

My dear Lydia,—We have considered the uses of History; I would now direct your attention to those collateral branches of science, which are necessary for the profitable understanding of it. It is impossible to understand one thing well, without understanding, to a certain degree, many other things; there is a mutual dependence, be-

emperor was also a philosopher, and is said to have been "one of the best emperors who ever governed Rome." — J. W. I.

* Socrates was the most celebrated philosopher of antiquity. He was born at Athens, where he resided, and instructed a number of illustrious pupils, by his exemplary life, as well as by his doctrines. He was falsely accused of crimes, by his enemies, and condemned to drink hemlock, (which is a deadly poison.) He died about four hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, in the seventieth year of his age. — J. W. I.

tween all parts of knowledge. This is the reason that a child never fully comprehends what he is taught; he receives an idea, but not the full idea, perhaps not the principal, of what you wish to teach him. But, as his mind opens, this idea enlarges, and receives accessory ideas, till, slowly, and by degrees, he is master of the whole. This is particularly the case, in History. You may recollect, probably, that the mere *adventure* was all you entered into, in those portions of it, which were presented to you at a very early age. You could understand nothing of the springs of action, nothing of the connexion of events with the intrigues of cabinets, with religion, with commerce; nothing of the state of the world, at different periods of society and improvement; and, as little could you grasp the measured distances of time and space, which are set between them. This, you could not do, not because the history was not related with clearness, but because you were destitute of other knowledge.

The first studies, which present themselves as accessories, in this light, are geography and chronology, which have been called the two eyes of History. When was it done? Where was it done? are the two first questions you would ask, concerning any fact that was related to you. Without these two particulars, there can be no precision or clearness.

Geography is best learned, along with History; for, if the first explains History, the latter gives *interest* to geography, which, without it, is but a

dry list of names. For this reason, if a young person begin with Ancient History, I should think it advisable, after a slight general acquaintance with the globe, to confine his geography to the period and country of which he is reading; and it would be a desirable thing, to have maps, adapted to each remarkable period in the great empires of the world. These should not contain any towns, or be divided into any provinces, which were not known at that period. A map of Egypt, for instance, calculated for its ancient monarchy, should have Memphis marked on it, but not Alexandria, because the two capitals did not exist together. A map of Judea, for the time of Solomon, or any period of its monarchy, should not exhibit the name of Samaria,* nor the villages of Bethany and Nazareth. But each country should have the towns and divisions, as far as they are known, calculated for the period the map was meant to illustrate. Thus geography, civil geography, would be seen to grow out of History; and the mere view of the map would suggest the political state of the world, at any period.

It would be a pleasing speculation, to see how the arbitrary divisions of kingdoms and provinces vary, and become obsolete, and large towns flourish, and fall again into ruins; while the great natural features, the mountains, rivers, and seas, remain unchanged, by whatever names we please

* Samaria was built during the time of the Israelitish monarchy, by Omri, king of Israel. See 1. Kings, xvi. 24. — J. W. I.

to call them, whatever empire encloses them within its temporary boundaries. The young student should make it an invariable rule, never to read History, without a map before him; to which should be added plans of towns, harbors, &c. These should be conveniently placed under the eye, separate, if possible, from the book he is reading, that, by frequent glancing upon them, the image of the country may be indelibly impressed on his imagination.

We are now, some few breaks and chasms excepted, pretty well acquainted with the outline of the globe, and with those parts of it, with which we are connected by our commercial or political relations; but we are still profoundly ignorant of the interior of Africa, and imperfectly acquainted with that of South America, and the western part of North America. We know little of the central parts of Asia, and have, as yet, only touched upon the great continent of New Holland.

Yours affectionately.

LETTER. IV.

Dear Lydia,—Geography addresses itself to the eye, and is easily comprehended; to give a clear idea of chronology is somewhat more difficult. It is easy to define it, by saying, it gives an answer to the question,—when was it done? But the meaning of the *when* is not quite so obvious. A date is a very artificial thing; and the *world* had existed for a long course of centuries,

before men were aware of its use and necessity. *When* is a relative term; the most natural application of it is,—how long ago, reckoning backwards from the present moment? Thus, if you were to ask an Indian, when such an event happened, he would probably say,—So many harvests ago, when I could but just reach the boughs of yonder tree; in the time of my father, grandfather, great-grandfather;—still making the time, then present to him, the date from which he sets out. Even where a different method is well understood, we use, in more familiar life, this natural kind of chronology,—The year before I was married; when Henry, who is now five years old, was born; the Winter of the hard frost. These are the epochs, which mark the annals of domestic life, more readily, and with greater clearness, so far as the real idea of time is concerned, than the year of our Lord, as long as these are all within the circle of our personal recollection. But when events are recorded, the relater may be forgotten, and the time *when* again occurs: When did the historian live? I understand the relative chronology of his narration; I know how the events of it follow one another; but what is their relation to general chronology; to time, as it relates to me and to other events?

Chronology supplies a common measure, by which I may compare the relator of an event with myself, and his *now* or *ten years ago*, with the present *now* or *ten years*, reckoning from the time in which I live.

In order to find such a common measure, men have been led, by degrees, to fix upon some one known event, and to make that the centre, from which, by regular distances, the different periods of time are reckoned, instead of making the present time, which is always varying, and every man's own existence, the centre.

The first approach to such a mode of computing time, is, to date by the reigns of kings; which, being public objects of great notoriety, seem to offer themselves, with great advantage, for such a purpose. The Scripture, which is the earliest of histories, has no other than this kind of successive dates: "And it came to pass, in the fourth year of the king Hezekiah." "And the time that Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, over all Israel, was forty years. And Solomon slept with his fathers;" "and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead." From this method, a regular chronology might certainly be deduced, if we had the whole unbroken series; but, unfortunately, there are many gaps and chasms in History; and you easily see, that, if any links of the chain are wanting, the whole computation is rendered imperfect.

We want, therefore, a universal date, like a lofty obelisk, seen by all the country round, from and to which every distance should be measured. The most obvious, that offers itself for this purpose, is the creation of the world, an event equally interesting to all; to us the beginning of time, and from which, therefore, time would flow regularly down, in an unbroken stream, from the ear-

liest to the latest generations of the human race. This would, probably, therefore, have been made use of, if the date of the creation, itself, could be ascertained with any exactness; but, as chronologers differ, by more than a thousand years, as to the time of that event, it is necessary, previously, to mention what system is made use of, which renders this era obscure and inconvenient. It has, therefore, been found more convenient, to take some known event, within the limit of well-authenticated history, and to reckon, from that fixed point, backwards and forwards. As we cannot find the head of the river, and know not its termination, we must raise a pillar upon its banks, and measure our distances from that, both up and down the stream. This event ought to be important, conspicuous, and as interesting as possible, that it may be generally received; for it would spare a great deal of trouble, in computation, if all the world would make use of the same date.

The Greeks reckoned by Olympiads,* but not till more than sixty years after the death of Alexander the Great.† The Olympic games were the most brilliant assembly in Greece. The Greeks were very fond of them. They began, seven hun-

* Or periods of four years, reckoning from one celebration of the Olympic games, to another. — J. W. I.

† "Macedonia's madman,"—a celebrated king of Macedonia, who was born about three hundred and fifty-five years B. C., and died, in the thirty-second year of his age, B. C., 323. — J. W. I.

dred and seventy-six years before Christ, and each Olympiad includes four years.

The Roman era was the building of their city, the 'Eternal City,' as they loved to call it.

The Mohammedans* date from the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca, his birthplace, to Medina, A. D. 622; and they have this advantage, that they began almost immediately to use it.

The era, used all over the Christian world, is the birth of Christ. This was adopted, as a date, about A. D. 360.

Julius Scaliger† formed an era, which he called the *Julian period*, being a cycle of seven thousand nine hundred and eighty years, produced by multiplying several cycles into one another, so as to carry us back to a period seven hundred and sixty-four years before the creation of the world. This era, standing out of all history, like the

* Followers of Mohammed, a celebrated impostor, who was born at Mecca, in Arabia, A. D. 569, and died at Medina, in the same country, A. D. 632. He was the founder of a system of religious belief, which is still adhered to by the Turks. This system he began to promulgate, A. D. 609, and continued to preach it till A. D. 622, when, owing to a conspiracy formed against his life, he fled from Mecca to Medina, where he was well received. It is from this *flight*, (for this is the meaning of the word Hegira,) that the Mohammedans commence their reckoning. — J. W. I.

† The Julian period was not formed by Julius Scaliger, but by his son, Joseph Justus Scaliger, who was born A. D. 1540. It is so called, because it contains a certain number of Julian years, or years arranged according to a mode of reckoning *introduced* by Julius Cæsar, emperor of Rome. — J. W. I.

fulcrum which Archimedes* wished for, and independent of variation or possibility of mistake, was a very grand idea; and, in measuring everything by itself, measured it by the eternal truth of the laws of the heavenly bodies. But it is not greatly employed, the common era serving all ordinary purposes.

You will, perhaps, ask, if we have no eras, what have we to reckon by? We have generations and successions of kings. Sir Isaac Newton, who joined wonderful sagacity to profound learning and astronomical skill, made very great reforms in the ancient chronology. He pointed out the difference between generations and successions of kings. A generation is not the life of man; it is the time that elapses before a man sees his successor; and this, reckoning to the birth of the eldest son, is estimated at about thirty years. The succession of kings would seem, at first sight, to be the same, and so it had been reckoned: but Newton corrected it, on the principle, that kings are often cut off, prematurely, in turbulent times, or are succeeded, either by their brothers, or by their uncles, or others, older than themselves. The lines of kings of France, Eng-

* Archimedes was the most celebrated among ancient geometricians, and was born about two hundred and eighty-seven years before the birth of our Saviour. He is said to have been the inventor of many mechanical powers, such as the compound pulley, the endless screw, and others; and is reported to have said, he would move the earth, if he had a point, or fulcrum, without it, on which to stand, and place his lever. — J. W. I.

land, and other countries, within the range of exact chronology, confirmed this principle. He therefore rectified all the ancient chronology, according to it; and, with the assistance of astronomical observations, he found reason to allow, as the average length of a reign, about eighteen or twenty years.

But after all, great part of the chronology of Ancient History is founded upon conjecture, and clouded with uncertainty.

Although I recommend to you a constant attention to chronology, I do not think it desirable to load your memory with a great number of specific dates, both because it would be too great a burden on the retentive powers, and because it is, after all, not the best way of attaining clear ideas, on the subjects of History. In order to do this, it is necessary to have in your mind, the relative situation of other countries, at the time of any event recorded in one of them. For instance, if you have by heart the dates of the accession of the kings of Europe, and want to know, whether John lived at the time of the Crusades, and in what state the Greek empire was, you cannot tell without an arithmetical process, which, perhaps, you may not be quick enough to make. Nay, you may read separate histories, and yet not bring them together, if the countries be remote. Each exists in your mind, separately, and you have, at no time, the state of the world. But you ought to have an idea, at once, of the whole world, as far as History will give it. You do not see, truly,

what the Greeks were, except you know that the British Isles were then barbarous.

A few dates, therefore, perfectly learned, may suffice, and will serve as landmarks, to prevent your going far astray in the rest: but it will be highly useful to connect the histories you read, in such a manner, in your own mind, that you may be able to refer from one to the other, and form them all into a whole. For this purpose, it is very desirable to observe, and retain in your memory, certain coincidences, which may link, as it were, two nations together. Thus you may remember, that Haroun al Raschid* sent to Charlemagne† the first clock that was seen in Europe.

It may be desirable to keep one kingdom as a measure for the rest. Take, for this purpose, first, the Jews, then, the Greeks, the Romans, and, because it is so, your own country: then harmonize and connect all the other dates with these.

That the literary history of a nation may be connected with the political, study also biography, and endeavor to link men of science and literature, and artists, with political characters.

These are some of the kind of dates, which make every thing lie in the mind, in its proper order;

* A celebrated caliph (or ruler) of the Saracens, a people of Asia, who flourished about the year 786. — J. W. I.

† Charlemagne, (or Charles the Great,) emperor of the West, ruled over an immense empire, which included France, a great part of Germany, Italy, Caledonia, Navarre, Arragon, the Netherlands, and many other countries. He died in the year 814. — J. W. I.

they also take fast hold of it. If you forget the exact date, by years, you have nothing left; but, of circumstances, you never lose all idea. As we come nearer to our own times, dates must be more exact. A few years, more or less, signify little in the destruction of Troy, if we knew it exactly; but the conclusion of the American war should be accurately known, or it will throw other events near it into confusion.

Painting is a good auxiliary; and though, in this country, History is generally read before we see pictures, they mutually illustrate one another. Painting also shows the costume. In France, where pictures are more accessible, there is more knowledge generally diffused of common History. Many have learned Scripture History, from the rude figures on Dutch tiles. Farewell; and believe me, yours affectionately.

HYMN.

Come, let us walk abroad; let us talk of the works of God.

Take up a handful of sand; number the grains of it; tell them, one by one, into your lap.

Try, if you can count the blades of grass in the field, or the leaves on the trees.

We cannot count them, they are innumerable; much more, the things which God has made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the gray willow bends above the stream.

The thistle is armed with sharp prickles; the mallow is soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth the tall pole; the oak hath firm root in the ground, and resisteth the Winter storm.

The daisy enamelleth the meadows, and groweth beneath the foot of the passenger; the tulip asketh a rich soil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh; the rich grass covereth the meadows; and the purple heathflower enliveneth the waste ground.

The water-lilies grow beneath the stream; their broad leaves float on the water: the wallflower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst the broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hands, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs,* and deep forests, and

* Bogs are marshes or morasses, composed of loose, wet soil, which shakes, when any one walks over it. — J. W. A.

desert islands; they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

Who causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews? Who fanneth them with the pure breath of heaven, and giveth them colors, and smells, and spreadeth out their thin, transparent leaves?

How doth the rose draw its crimson from the dark brown earth, or the lily its shining white? How can a small seed contain a plant? How doth every plant know its season, when to put forth? They are marshalled in order; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

The snowdrop and the primrose make haste to lift up their heads above the ground. When the Spring cometh, they shoot forth! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurestine cheereth the Winter months.

Every plant produceth its like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn; nor will a grape stone produce cherries: but every one springeth from its proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive, through the Winter, when the snow is on the ground, and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who soweth a small seed, and a little warmth in the bosom of the earth, and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare; they

are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of Spring, and they are covered with verdure, and green leaves sprout from the dead wood?

Lo, these are part of His works, and a little portion of His wonders.

There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of Him.

Every field is like an open book: every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves.

Every murmuring brook hath a tongue: a voice is in every whispering wind.

They all speak of Him who made them: they all tell us, He is very good.

We cannot see God, for He is invisible; but we can see His works, and worship His footsteps in the green sod.

They that know the most will praise God the best; but which of us can number half His works?

ON THE CLASSICS.

THE authors, known by the name of the Greek and Roman Classics, have laid the foundation of all that is excellent in modern literature; and are so frequently referred to, both in books and conversation, that a person of a cultivated mind cannot easily be content, without obtaining some knowledge of them, even though he should not be able to read them in their original tongues. A

clear and short account of these authors, in a chronological series, together with a sketch of the character of their several productions, for the use of those who have either none, or a very superficial knowledge, of the languages they are written in, is, as far as I know, a desideratum, which, it is much to be wished that some elegant scholar should supply. In the mean time, a few general remarks upon them may be not unacceptable.

In the larger sense of the word, an author is called a Classic, when his work has stood the test of time, long enough to become a permanent part of the literature of his country. Of the number of writings, which, in their day, have attained a portion of fame, very few, in any age, have survived, to claim this honorable distinction. Every circumstance, which gave temporary celebrity, must be forgotten; party must have subsided; the voice of friends and of enemies must be silent; and the writer, himself, must have long mouldered in the dust, before the gates of immortality are opened to him. It is in vain, that he attempts to flatter or to soothe his contemporaries; they are not called to the decision; his merits are to be determined by a race he has never seen. The judges are not yet born, who are to pronounce on the claims of Darwin and of Cowper. The severe impartiality of posterity stands aloof from every consideration, but that of excellence, and from her verdict there is no appeal.

It is true, indeed, that, amidst the revolutions of ages, particularly before the invention of print-

ing, accidental circumstances must often have had great influence in the preservation of particular writings; and we know and lament, that many are lost, which the learned world would give treasures of gold to recover. But it cannot easily happen, that a work should be preserved, without superior merit; and, indeed, we know, from the testimony of antiquity, that the works which have come down to us, and which we read and admire, are, in general, the very works, which, by the Greeks and Romans, themselves, were esteemed most excellent.

It is impossible to contemplate, without a sentiment of reverence and enthusiasm, these venerable writings, which have survived the wreck of empires, and, what is more, of languages; which have received the awful stamp of immortality, and are crowned with the applause of so many successive ages. It is wonderful, that words should live so much longer than marble temples; words, which, at first, are only uttered breath; and, when afterwards enshrined, and fixed in a visible form, by the admirable invention of writing, committed to such frail and perishable materials: yet the light paper bark floats down the stream of time, and lives through the storms which have sunk so many stronger-built vessels. Homer* is read, though

* Homer was a celebrated poet of antiquity, whose poem called the 'Iliad' describes the war in which Troy was destroyed. Troy was a celebrated city, (called also Ilium,) situated in the western part of Asia Minor, and on the shores

the grass now grows, where Troy once stood; and nations, once despised as barbarous, appreciate the merit of Cicero's orations, on the banks of the Thames,* when the long honors of the Consulate are vanished, and the language of Rome is no longer spoken on the shores of the Tiber.†

Still green with bays, each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime, the learned their incense bring,
Hear, in all tongues, consenting pæans ring!

It is owing to the preservation of a few books, of the kind we are speaking of, that, at the revival of letters,‡ the world had not to go back to the very

of the Grecian Archipelago. It was besieged by the Greeks for ten years, and was finally destroyed, about one thousand one hundred and eighty-four years before the birth of our Saviour. — J. W. I.

* The natives of Britain were despised, as barbarians, by the Romans. London, Oxford, (where is a celebrated university,) and other cities, are now situated on the river Thames, (pronounced *Tems.*) — J. W. I.

† The Tiber is a small river, which runs through the city of Rome. The rulers of the Roman empire were once called Consuls, and their office the Consulate. — J. W. I.

‡ Before the invention of the art of printing, books were very scarce, and few persons were able to obtain them. Consequently, there was much ignorance in the world. And many of the books which were written, were destroyed by the ignorant barbarians, who, at one time, spread nearly over the world. The few that were not thus destroyed were preserved in convents, by the monks, who were then almost the only persons who had any learning. These times of general ignorance are frequently termed *the dark ages;* and the period when people began to pay attention to learning is called "*the revival of letters.*" — J. W. I.

beginnings of science. When the storm of barbaric rage had passed over, and spent itself, they were drawn from the mould of ruins, and dust of convents, and were of essential service, in forming the taste, and giving a direction to the recovered energies of the human mind. Oral instruction can benefit but one age, and one set of hearers; but these silent teachers address all ages and all nations. They may sleep, for a while, and be neglected; but, whenever the desire of information springs up in the human breast, there they are, with their mild wisdom, ready to instruct and please us. The philosopher opens, again, his school; his maxims have lost nothing of their truth; the harmony of the poet's numbers, though locked up for a time, becomes again vocal; and we find that, what was nature and passion, two thousand years ago, is nature and passion still.

Books are a kind of perpetual censors, on men and manners; they judge, without partiality, and reprove, without fear or affection. There are times, when the flame of virtue and liberty seems almost to be extinguished amongst the existing generation; but their animated pages are always at hand, to rekindle it. The despot trembles on his throne, and the bold, bad man turns pale in his closet, at the sentence pronounced against him, ages before he was born.

In addition to their intrinsic value, there is much incidental entertainment, in consulting authors, who flourished at so remote a period. Every little circumstance becomes curious, as we

discover allusions to customs, now obsolete, or draw indications of the temper of the times, from the various slight hints and casual pieces of information, which may be gathered up by the ingenious critic. Sometimes, we have the pleasure of being admitted into the cabinet of a great man, and leaning, as it were, over his shoulder, while he is pouring himself out in the freedom of a confidential intercourse, which was never meant to meet the eye, even of his contemporaries. At another time, we are delighted to witness the conscious triumph of a genius, who, with a generous confidence in his powers, prophecies his own immortality, and to feel, as we read, that his proud boast has not been too presumptuous. Another advantage of reading the ancients is, that we trace the stream of ideas to their spring. It is always best to go to the fountain head. We can never have a just idea of the comparative merit of the moderns, without knowing how much they have derived from imitation. It is amusing to follow an idea, from century to century, and observe the gradual accession of thought and sentiment; to see the jewels of the ancients new set, and the wit of Horace sparkling with additional lustre, in the lines of Pope.*

The real sources of History can only be known by some acquaintance with the original authors. This, indeed, will often be found to betray the

* Horace was one of the ancient poets, who died about eight years before the birth of our Saviour. Pope was a *modern* poet, who died A. D. 1744. — J. W. I.

deficiency of our documents, and the difficulty of reconciling jarring accounts. It will sometimes unclothe, and exhibit in its original bareness, what the art of the moderns has dressed up, and rounded into form. It will show the unsightly chasms and breaks, which the modern compiler passes over with a light foot; and, perhaps, make us skeptical with regard to many particulars, of which we formerly thought we had authentic information. But it is always good, to know the real measure of our knowledge. That knowledge would be greater, if the treasures of antiquity had come to us, undiminished. But this is not the case. Besides the loss of many, mentioned with honor by their contemporaries, few authors have come down to us, entire; and, of some exquisite productions, only fragments are extant. The full stream of narration is sometimes suddenly checked, at the most interesting period, and the sense of a brilliant passage is clouded by the obscurity of a single word. The literary productions have come to us, in a similar state with the fine statues of antiquity, of which some have lost an arm, others a leg; some a little finger, only; scarce any have escaped some degree of mutilation; and, sometimes, a trunk is dug up, so shorn of its limbs, that the antiquaries are puzzled to make out to what god or hero it originally belonged. To the frequent loss of part of an author, must be added, the difficulty of deciphering what remains.

Ancient manuscripts are by no means easy to read. You are not to imagine, when you see a

fair edition of Virgil,* or Horace, divided into verses, and accurately pointed, that you see it in any thing like its original state. The oldest manuscripts are written wholly in capitals, and without any separation of letters into words. Passing through many hands, they have suffered from the mistakes or carelessness of transcribers; by which so great an obscurity is thrown on many passages, that, very often, he who makes the happiest guess is the best commentator. But this very obscurity has usefully exercised the powers of the human mind. It became a great object, at the revival of letters, to compare different readings; to elucidate a text by parallel passages; to supply, by probable conjecture, what was necessary to make an author speak sense; and, by every possible assistance, of learning and sound criticism, together with typographical advantages, to restore the beauty and splendor of the classic page. Verbal criticism was, at that time, of great and real use; and those who are apt to undervalue it are little aware, how much labor was requisite, to reduce the confused or mutilated work of a thousand years back, to form and order.

This task was well fitted for an age recently emerged out of barbarism. The enthusiastic admiration with which men were struck, on viewing the masterpieces of human genius, and even the

* Virgil was the most distinguished poet of ancient Rome, and was born at Mantua, about the year 70, B. C. He is sometimes called the Mantuan bard, from the place of his *birth*. — J. W. I.

superstitious veneration with which they regarded every thing belonging to them, tended to form their taste, by a quicker process, than if they had been left to make the most of their own abilities. By degrees, the moderns felt their own powers; they learned to imitate, and perhaps to excel, what before they idolized. But a considerable period had passed, before any of the modern languages were thought worthy of being the vehicle of the discoveries of science, or even of the effusions of fancy. Christianity did not, as might have been expected, bring into discredit the pagan philosophy. Aristotle reigned in the schools, where he was regarded with a veneration fully equal to what was expressed for the sainted fathers of the Church; and, as to the mythology of the ancients, it is so beautiful, that all our earlier poetry has been modelled upon it. Even yet, the predilection for the Latin language is apparent, in our inscriptions, in the public exercises of our schools and universities, and the general bent of the studies of youth. In short, all our knowledge and all our taste has been built upon the foundation of the ancients; and, without knowing what they have done, we cannot estimate, rightly, the merit of our own authors.

It may naturally be asked, why the Greek and Roman writers, alone, are called by the name of Classics. It is true, the Hebrew writers might be esteemed so, if we did not receive them upon a higher ground of merit. As to the Persian and Arabic, with other languages of countries once

highly cultivated, their authors are not taken into the account; partly, because they are understood by so few, and partly, because their idioms and modes of expression, if not of feeling, are so remote from ours, that we can scarcely enter into their merits. Their writings are comprehended under the name of Oriental literature. It has been more cultivated, of late, particularly by Sir William Jones; and our East India connexions will continue to draw attention that way. But curiosity is gratified, rather than taste. We are pleased, indeed, with occasional beauties; sometimes a pure maxim of morality, and sometimes a glowing figure of speech; but they do not enter into the substance of the mind, which ever must be fed and nourished by the Classic literature of Greece and Rome.

I shall subjoin a few specimens of the mythological stories of the ancients.

ATALANTA.

Atalanta was a beautiful young woman, exceedingly swift of foot. She had many lovers; but she resolved not to marry, till she could meet with one who should conquer her in running. A great many young men proposed themselves, and lost their lives; for the conditions were, that, if they were overcome in the race, they should be put to death. At length, she was challenged by *Hippomenes*, a brave and handsome youth.

"Do you know," said Atalanta, "that nobody has yet been found, who excels me in swiftness, and that you must be put to death, if you do not win the race? I should be sorry to have any more young men put to death."

"I am not afraid," said Hippomenes; "I think I shall win the race, and win you, too."

So the ground was marked out, and the day appointed, and a great number of spectators gathered together; and Atalanta stood, with her garments tucked up, and Hippomenes by her, waiting, impatiently, for the signal. At length, it was given; and immediately, they both started at the same instant, and ran with their utmost speed across the plain. But Atalanta flew like the wind, and soon outstripped the young man. Then Hippomenes drew from his vest a golden apple, which had been given him by Venus,* from the gardens of the Hesperides, and threw it from him, with all his force. The virgin saw it glittering, as it rolled across the plain, and ran out of the course to pick it up. While she was doing so, Hippomenes passed her, and the spectators shouted for joy. However, Atalanta redoubled her speed, soon overtook Hippomenes, and again got before him. Upon this, Hippomenes produced another golden apple, and threw it, as before. It rolled a great

* Venus was the fabled goddess of love. The Hesperides were three fabulous nymphs, who were said to have the care of gardens, where there were golden apples, and other trees bearing golden fruit. They were assisted in the charge of the garden, by a dragon, who never slept. — J. W. T.

way out of the course, and the virgin was thrown very far behind, by picking it up. She had great difficulty, this time, to recover her lost ground; and the spectators shouted, "Hippomenes will win! Hippomenes will win!" But Atalanta was so light, so nimble, and exerted herself so much, that, at length, she passed him, as before, and flew, as if she had wings, towards the goal. And now she had but a little way to run; and the people said, "Poor Hippomenes! he will lose, after all, and be put to death, like the rest;—see, see, how she gains ground of him! how near the goal she is! Atalanta will win the race." Then Hippomenes took another golden apple,—it was the last he had,—and prayed to Venus to give him success, and threw it behind him. Atalanta saw it, and considered, a moment, whether she should venture to delay herself, again, by picking it up. She knew she ran the risk of losing the race; but she could not withstand the beautiful glittering of the apple, as it rolled along; and she said to herself, "I shall easily overtake Hippomenes, as I did before." But she was mistaken; for they had now so little a way to run, that, though she skimmed along the plain like a bird, and exerted all her strength, she was too late. Hippomenes reached the goal before her: she was obliged to own herself conquered, and to marry him, according to the agreement.

ARION.

ARION was a poet of Lesbos,* who sung his own verses to his harp. He had long been at the court of Periander, tyrant of Corinth,† and had acquired great riches, with which he was desirous to return to his native country. He therefore made an agreement with a captain of a ship, to carry him to Mitylene in Lesbos, and they set sail. But the captain and crew, tempted by the wealth which he had on board, determined to seize his gold, and throw him into the sea. When poor Arion heard their cruel intention, he submitted to his fate, for he knew he could not resist, and only begged they would allow him to give them one tune upon his harp, before he died. This they complied with; and Arion, standing on the deck, drew from his harp such melodious strains, accompanied with such moving verses, that any body but these cruel sailors would have been touched with them. When he had finished, they threw him into the sea, where they supposed he was swallowed up. But that was not the case; for a dolphin, which had been drawn towards the ship

* A large island in the Ægean Sea, now called Metelin. Mitylene, mentioned in the New Testament, was one of the chief cities of this island. — J. W. I.

† Corinth, (frequently mentioned in the New Testament, and where St. Paul resided for a year and a half,) was a celebrated city of Greece. Periander was its ruler. The word tyrant did not formerly have the bad signification which it now has; but *merely* meant an absolute ruler. — J. W. I.

by the sweetness of Arion's voice, swam to him, took him gently upon his back, conveyed him safely over the waves, and landed him at Tænarus,* whence he returned to Periander. Periander was very much surprised to see him come again in such a forlorn and destitute condition, and asked him the reason. Arion told his story. Periander bade him conceal himself, till the sailors should return from their voyage, and he would do him justice. When the ship returned from its voyage, Periander ordered the sailors to be brought before him, and asked them what they had done with Arion. They said, he had died during the voyage, and that they had buried him. Then Periander ordered Arion to appear before them, in the clothes he wore, when they cast him into the sea. At this plain proof of their guilt, they were quite confounded, and Periander put them all to death. It is said, further, that the dolphin was taken up into the heavens, and turned into a constellation. It is a small constellation, of moderate brightness, and has four stars, in the form of a rhombus. You will find it south of the Swan, and a little west of the bright star Altair.†

* A promontory, or cape, of Laconia, a country on the southern part of Greece, and forming the most southern point of Europe. It is now called Cape Matapan. — J. W. I.

† The ancient astronomers arranged the stars into groups, which are called constellations. To these constellations they assigned names, according to their fancy, or from the appearance which they imagined the stars presented to the eye. The twelve signs, or constellations, of the Zodiac,—the Ram, *the Bull*, the Twins, &c., are familiar to our readers; and

VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE goddess Venus loved Adonis, a mortal. Beautiful Venus loved the beautiful Adonis. She often said to him, "O Adonis! be content to lie crowned with flowers by the fresh fountains, and to feed upon honey and nectar, and to be lulled to sleep by the warbling of birds; and do not expose your life by hunting the tawny lion, or the tusky boar, or any savage beast. Take care of that life, which is so dear to Venus!" But Adonis would not listen to her. He loved to rise early in the morning, while the dew was upon the grass, and to beat the thickets with his well-trained hounds, whose ears swept the ground. With his darts, he pierced the nimble fawns, and the kids with budding horns, and brought home the spoil upon his shoulders. But one day he wounded a fierce, bristly boar; the arrow stuck in his side, and made the animal mad with pain: he rushed upon Adonis, and gored his thigh with his sharp tusks. Beautiful Adonis fell to the ground, like a lily that is rooted up by a sudden storm: his blood flowed, in crimson streams, down his fair

so, probably, are some of the other constellations, as the Great Bear, and others. Those mentioned in the text,—the Dolphin and the Swan,—are not so well known. The star named Altair, is a very brilliant, and, also, an important one; being one of those from which, in works on Astronomy, the distance of the moon is calculated. It is situated in the constellation Aquila, or the Eagle. — J. W. I.

side; and his eyelids closed, and the shades of death hovered over his pale brow.

In the mean time, the evening came on, and Venus had prepared a garland of fresh leaves and flowers, to bind around the glowing temples of Adonis, when he should come, hot and tired, from the chase, and a couch of rose-leaves, to rest his weary limbs: and she said, "Why does not Adonis come! Return Adonis! let me hear the sound of your feet! let me hear the voice of your dogs! let them lick my hands, and make me understand that their master is approaching!" But Adonis did not return; and the dark night came, and the rosy morning appeared again, and still he did not come. Then Venus sought him in the plains, and through the thickets, and amidst the rough brakes; and her veil was torn with the thorns, and her feet bruised and bleeding with the sharp pebbles; for she ran, hither and thither, like a distracted person. And at length, upon the mountain, she found him whom she loved so dearly; but she found him cold and dead, with his faithful dogs beside him.

Then Venus rent her beautiful tresses, and beat her breast, and pierced the air with her loud lamentations; and the little Cupids,* that accom-

* Cupid was said to be the son of the goddess Venus, and was himself worshipped by the ancient heathens as the god of love. There were two or three Cupids, who are also called Loves, and they are usually represented as very beautiful youths, (sometimes as infants,) with wings, and armed with bows, and quivers full of arrows. Venus is generally *represented*, in pictures, as accompanied by one or more *Cupids*. — J. W. I.

pany her, broke their ivory bows, for grief, and scattered upon the ground the arrows of their golden quivers: and they said, "We mourn Adonis; Venus mourns for beautiful Adonis; the Loves mourn along with her. Beautiful Adonis lies dead upon the ground, his side gored with the tooth of a boar,—his white thigh with a white tooth. Venus kisses the cold lips of Adonis; but Adonis does not know that he is kissed, and she cannot revive him with her warm breath."

Then Venus said, "You shall not quite die, my Adonis! I will change you into a flower." And she shed nectar on the ground, which mixed with the blood, and, presently, a crimson flower sprung up, in the room of Adonis; and also the river was tinged with his blood, and became red.

And every year, on the day that Adonis died, the nymphs mourned and lamented for him, and ran up and down, shrieking, and crying, "Beautiful Adonis is dead."

HYMN.

LIFT up thyself, O mourning soul! lift up thyself, raise thine eyes, that are wet with tears!

Why are thine eyes wet with tears? why are they bent continually upon the earth? and why dost thou go mourning, as one forsaken of thy God?

O, thou ! that toilest ever, and restest not ! thou that wishest ever, and art not satisfied ! thou that carest ever, and art not established !

Why dost thou toil and wish ? why is thine heart withered with care, and thine eyes sunk with watching ?

Rest quietly on thy couch, steep thine eyelids in sleep, wrap thyself in sleep, as in a garment,— for He careth for thee !

He is with thee, He is about thee, He compasseth thee, He compasseth thee on every side.

The voice of thy Shepherd among the rocks ! He calleth thee, He beareth thee tenderly, in His arms ; He suffereth thee not to stray.

Thy soul is precious in His sight, O child of many hopes !

For He careth for thee in the things which perish, and He hath provided yet better things than those.

Raise thyself, O beloved soul ! turn thine eyes from care, and sin, and pain ; turn them to the brightness of the heavens, and contemplate thine inheritance ; for thy birthright is in the skies, and thine inheritance amongst the stars of light.

The herds of the pasture sicken and die, they lie down among the clods of the valley, the foot passeth over them ; they are no more. But it is not so with thee.

For the Almighty is the Father of thy spirit, and He hath given thee a portion of His own immortality.

Look around thee, and behold the earth, for it

is the gift of thy Father to thee and to thy sons, that they should possess it.

Out of the ground cometh forth food; the hills are covered with fresh shade; and the animals, thy subjects, sport among the trees.

Delight thyself in them, for they are good; and all that thou seest is thine.

But nothing that thou seest, is like unto thyself; thou art not of them, nor shalt thou return to them.

Thou hast a mighty void, which they cannot fill; thou hast an immortal hunger, which they cannot satisfy. They cannot nourish, they cannot support, they are not worthy that they should occupy thee.

As the fire, which, while it resteth on the earth, yet sendeth forth sparks continually towards heaven; so do thou, from amidst the world, send up fervent thoughts to God.

As the lark, though her nest is on the low ground, as soon as she becometh fledged, poiseth her wings, and, finding them strong to bear her through the light air, springeth up aloft, singing as she soars; so let thy desires mount swiftly upwards, and thou shalt see the world beneath thy feet.

And be not overwhelmed with many thoughts. Heaven is thine, and God is thine; thou shalt be blessed with everlasting salvation and peace upon thy head, for evermore.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.*

O! HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here, forlorn and sad, I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong, oppressive force
A freeborn mouse detain!

O! do not stain, with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth!
Nor triumph, that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But, if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,—

* Found in the trap, where he had been confined all night by Dr. Priestley, for the sake of making experiments with *different kinds* of air.

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught, philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind,—as ancient sages taught,—
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts through matter's varying forms,
In every form the same;

Beware, lest in the worm you crush
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little *all* to spare.

THE BABY-HOUSE.

Dear Agatha, I give you joy,
And much admire your pretty toy,
A mansion, in itself complete,
And fitted to give guests a treat;

With couch and table, chest and chair,
The bed or supper to prepare ;
We almost wish to change ourselves
To fairy forms of tripping elves,
To press the velvet couch, and eat
From tiny cups the sugared meat.
I much suspect, that many a sprite
Inhabits it at dead of night ;
That, as they dance, the listening ear
The pat of fairy feet might hear ;
That, just as you have said your prayers,
They hurry-scurry* down the stairs ;
And you 'll do well, to try to find
Tester or ring they 've left behind.

But think not, Agatha, you own
That toy, a Baby-house, alone ;
For many a sumptuous one is found
To press an ampler space of ground.
The broad-based Pyramid,† that stands,
Casting its shade in distant lands,
Which asked some mighty nation's toil
With mountain-weight to press the soil,

* Confusedly, in a bustle, with noise and tumult. — J. W. I.

† The Pyramids are very large structures in Egypt, erected by the ancient Egyptians, many thousand years ago, and still standing. The largest one is now nearly five hundred feet high, above the sands by which it is surrounded, and about seven hundred feet square, at the ground. The stones, of which the pyramids are built, are very large, some of them being four feet in thickness. — J. W. I.

And there has raised its head sublime
Through eras of uncounted time,—
Its use if asked, 't is only said,
A Baby-house to lodge the dead.
Nor less, beneath more genial skies,
The domes of pomp and folly rise;
Whose sun through diamond windows streams,
While gems and gold reflect his beams;
Where tapestry clothes the storied wall,
And fountains spout and waters fall;
The peasant faints beneath his load,
Nor tastes the grain his hands have sowed,
While scarce a nation's wealth avails
To raise thy Baby-house, Versailles.*
And Baby-houses oft appear
On British ground, of prince or peer;
Awhile their stately heads they raise,
The admiring traveller stops to gaze;
He looks again,—where are they now?
Gone to the hammer† or the plough.
Then trees, the pride of ages, fall,
And naked stands the pictured wall;

* Versailles was one of the most beautiful cities of France, and was situated about ten miles from Paris. In a note on a preceding page, (105,) mention is made of the magnificent palace, built by Louis XIV., in this city. It has frequently been called, "a splendid baby-house." — J. W. I.

† The hammer of the auctioneer. Many of these costly houses, with their splendid furniture, pictures, statues, and curiosities, are sold at auction, to those "who bid most," for them. Some are, after a few years, pulled down and destroyed, and the places where they stood are ploughed over, and turned into fields or gardens. — J. W. I.

And treasured coins, from distant lands,
Must feel the touch of sordid hands ;
And gems, of classic stores the boast,
Fall to the cry of,—Who bids most ?
Then do not, Agatha, repine
That cheaper Baby-house is thine.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

NOVEMBER, 1814.

When life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And Youth prepares his joys to meet,—
Alas, how hard it is to die !

When just is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful then it is to die !

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched, forlorn,
And man is left alone, to mourn,—
Ah then, how easy 'tis to die !

When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,—
'T is joy, 't is triumph, then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'T is Nature's precious boon to die.

TO-MORROW.

See, where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn ;
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,
While blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfilled
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another day salute our eyes,
As smiling and as fair as she,
And make as many promises ;
But do not thou
The tale believe,
They 're sisters all,
And all deceive.

LINES

PLACED OVER A CHIMNEY-PIECE.

Surly Winter ! come not here ;
Bluster in thy proper sphere ;

Howl along the naked plain,
There exert thy joyless reign;
Triumph o'er the withered flower,
The leafless shrub, the ruined bower;
But our cottage come not near;
Other Springs inhabit here,
Other sunshine decks our board,
Than the niggard skies afford.
Gloomy Winter! hence! away!
Love and Fancy scorn thy sway;
Love, and Joy, and friendly Mirth,
Shall bless this roof, these walls, this hearth;
The rigor of the year control,
And thaw the Winter in the soul.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life! and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp Thy praise;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.
Yet here, the brightest seraphs could no more
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all,—for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which Nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul;

As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous Passion stops her headlong tide;
At Thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar, in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His Spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestial bondage set me free;
Still every wish that centres not in Thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease;
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,

When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
O! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware!
With caution let me hear the siren's voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And, with strong confidence, lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read His awful name, emblazoned high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With Thee, in shady solitudes, I walk,
With Thee, in busy, crowded cities talk;
In every creature, own Thy forming power,
In each event, Thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and Thy fears control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of Thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When, trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

A VISION.

In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring Autumn open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness. I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity ; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain,

higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards, with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was, in many places, steep and difficult. I observed, that those, who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top: but, as as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest, they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain, at length, appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things, with astonishment, a good Genius* suddenly appeared. "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and whose face is covered with a veil of pure light. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent, and attentive."

I saw, that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds, which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of

* Genius, a fabled spirit or demon, believed by the ancients *to preside* over a man's destiny through life. — J. W. I.

tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony, and rendered more difficult, by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain, and by broken ruins of ancient buildings, over which the travellers were obliged to climb, at almost every step, insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further; and, sitting down on some fragments of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below, with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the Hill, I observed, on each side of the path, a thick forest, covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross-alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briers. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many, who were lost, up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavoring, in vain, to extricate themselves. The trees, in many places, shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much, but that it was discernable by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses,* whose office

* The Muses were nine sisters, who were supposed, by the ancients, to be divinities, and to preside over the liberal arts and sciences. Their names were, Clio, the Muse of History; Euterpe, the goddess of Music; Thalia, the Muse of

it was, to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far hence, were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers, springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colors, than I had observed in any other climate. And near them, was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light, at noonday, was never stronger than that of a bright moonshine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air, for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace,* a Virtue,† or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eyes towards the multitudes, who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed, amongst them, a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted, like an eagle, up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after

Comedy; Melpomene, of Tragedy; Terpsichore, of Dancing; Erato, of Lyric Poetry; Polyhymnia, of Eloquence and Mimicry; Urania, of Astronomy; and Calliope, of Epic Poetry. — J. W. I.

* The Graces were three sisters, who were said to preside over kindness and all good offices, and to render social intercourse agreeable, by gayety and politeness. — J. W. I.

† All Virtues were made deities among the Romans. The principal of them were, Prudence, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Honesty, Modesty, Clemency, Devotion, Tranquillity, Health, Liberty, and Gayety. — J. W. I.

him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed, that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person, of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along, with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw below him most of those who had, at first, derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed, there were few, who ascended the Hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with it, they became less and less able to resist; and, though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the Hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped, at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those, who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them, when they lost sight of the Hill. Their tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power, like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected that they had changed their place. The placid serenity which, at first, appeared in

their countenance, changed, by degrees, into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance,—a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where the startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return, than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence, which beamed from the face of the goddess, seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!" But, while I was pronouncing this exclamation, with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!" "What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illumine the

mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I, alone, can guide you to felicity!" While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

LETTER OF A YOUNG KING.

MADAM,—Amidst the mutual compliments and kind wishes, which are universally circulated at this season, I hope mine will not be the least acceptable; and I have thought proper to give you this early assurance of my kind intentions towards you, and the benefits I have in store for you: for, though I am appointed your Sovereign; though your fate and fortune, your life and death, are at my disposal; yet I am fully sensible, that I was created for my subjects, not my subjects for me; and that the end of my very existence is, to diffuse blessings on my people.

My predecessor departed this life, last night, *precisely* at twelve o'clock. He died of a univer-

sal decay; Nature was exhausted in him, and there was not vital heat, sufficient to carry on the functions of life; his hair was fallen, and discovered his smooth, white, bald head; his voice was hoarse and broken, and his blood froze in his veins: in short, his time was come. And, to say truth, he will not be much regretted; for, of late, he had been gloomy and vaporish, and the sudden gusts of passion he had long been subject to, were worked up into such storms, it was impossible to live under him with comfort.

With regard to myself, I am sensible, the joy expressed at my accession is sincere, and that no young monarch has ever been welcomed, with warmer demonstrations of affection. Some have ardently longed for my coming, and all view my approach with pleasure and cheerfulness; yet, such is the uncertainty of popular favor, that I well know, that those who are most eager and sanguine in expressing their joy, will soonest be tired of my company. You, yourself, madam, though I know that, at present, you regard me with kindness, as one from whom you expect more happiness than you have yet enjoyed, will, probably, after a short time, wish as much to part with me, and transfer the same fond hopes and wishes to my successor. But, though your impatience may make me a very troublesome companion, it will not in the least hasten my departure; nor can all the powers of earth oblige me to resign, a moment before my time. In order, therefore, that you may form proper expectations concerning me, I shall give

you a little sketch of my temper and manners. I will acknowledge, that my aspect, at present, is somewhat stern and rough; but there is a latent warmth in my temper, which you will perceive, as we grow better acquainted, and I shall every day put on a milder and more smiling look: indeed, I have so much fire, that I may chance, sometimes, to make the house too hot for you; but, in recompense for this inequality of temper, I am kind and bountiful as a giving God. I come full-handed, and my very business is, to dispense blessings,—blessings of the basket and the store; blessings of the field and of the vineyard; blessings for time and for eternity. There is not an inhabitant of the globe, who will not experience my bounty; yet, such is the ingratitude of mankind, that there is scarcely one, whom I shall not leave, in some degree, discontented.

Whimsical and various are the petitions which are daily put up to me, from all parts; and very few of the petitioners will be satisfied; because they reject and despise the gifts I offer them with open hand, and set their minds on others, which, certainly, will not fall to their share.

The wishes of some are very moderate. Fanny begs two inches of height, and Chloe, that I would take away her awkward plumpness; Carus a new equipage, and Philida a new ball-dress. A mother brought me her son the other day, made me many compliments, and desired me to teach him every thing; at the same time, begging the youth to throw *away his* marbles, which he had often promised to

part with, as soon as he saw me. But the boy held them fast, and I shall teach him nothing but to play at taw. Many ladies have come to me, with their daughters in their hands, telling me they hope their girls, under me, will learn prudence; but the young ladies have as constantly desired me to teach prudence to their grandmothers, whom it would better become, and to bring them new dances and new fashions. In short, I have scarcely seen any one, with whom I am likely entirely to agree, but a stout old farmer, who rents a small cottage on the green. He was leaning on his spade when I approached him. As his neighbor told him I was coming, he welcomed me with a cheerful countenance; but, at the same time, bluntly told me, he had not expected me so soon, being too busy to pay much attention to my approach. I asked him, if I could do any thing for him. He said, he did not believe me better or worse than those who had preceded me, and, therefore, should not expect much from me; that he was happy before he saw me, and should be very well contented after I left him: he was glad to see me, however, and only begged I would not take his wife from him, a thin, withered old woman, who was eating a mess of milk at the door. "And I shall be glad, too," said he, "if you will fill my cellar with potatoes." As he applied himself to his spade, while he said these words, I shall certainly grant his request.

I shall now tell you, that great and extensive as my power is, I shall possess it but a short time.

However the predictions of astrologers are now laughed at, nothing is more certain, than what I am going to tell you. A scheme of my nativity has been cast by the most eminent astronomers, who have found, on consulting the stars, and the aspect of the heavenly bodies, that Capricornus* will be fatal to me. I know that all the physicians in the world cannot protract my life beyond that fatal period. I do not tell you this to excite your sensibility,—for I would have you meet me without fondness, and part with me without regret,—but to quicken you to lay hold on those advantages I am able to procure you; for it will be your own fault, if you are not both wiser and better for my company. I have, likewise, another request to make to you,—that you will write my epitaph. I may make you happy, but it depends on you to make me famous. If, after I am departed, you can say my reign was distinguished by good actions and wise conversations, and that I have left you happier than I found you, I shall not have lived in vain. My sincere wishes are, that you may long outlive me, but always remember me with pleasure. I am, if you use me well,

Your friend and servant,

THE NEW YEAR.

* The Goat, one of the signs of the Zodiac; the sign for December. — J. W. I.

VERSES,

WRITTEN IN THE LEAVES OF AN IVORY POCKETBOOK, PRESENTED TO MASTER T*****.

ACCEPT, my dear, this toy; and let me say
The leaves an emblem of your mind display;—
Your youthful mind, uncolored, fair and white,
Like crystal leaves, transparent to the sight,
Fit each impression to receive, whate'er
The pencil of instruction traces there.
O! then, transcribe into the shining page,
Each virtue, that adorns your tender age,
And grave, upon the tablet of your heart,
Each lofty science, and each useful art.
But, with the likeness, mark the difference well,
Nor think complete, the hasty parallel;
The leaves, by Folly scrawled, or foul with stains,
A drop of water clears with little pains;
But, from a blotted mind, the smallest trace,
Not seas of bitter tears can e'er efface;
The spreading mark forever shall remain,
And rolling years but deepen every stain.
Once more, a difference let me still explain;—
The vacant leaves forever will remain,
Till some officious hand the tablet fill
With sense or nonsense, prose or rhyme, at will.
Not so your mind, without your forming care,
Nature forbids an idle vacuum there:

Folly will plant the tares, without your toil,
And weeds spring up in the neglected soil.
But why to you this moralizing strain?
Vain is the precept and the caution vain,
To you, whose opening virtues bloom so fair,
And will reward the prudent planter's care;
As some young tree, by generous juices fed,
Above its fellows lifts its branching head,
Whose proud, aspiring shoots incessant rise,
And every day grows nearer to the skies.
Yet, should kind Heaven your opening mind adorn,
And bless your noon of knowledge, as your morn;
Yet, were your mind with every science blest,
And every virtue glowing in your breast,
With learning, meekness, and, with candor, zeal,
Clear to discern, and generous to feel,
Yet, should the Graces* o'er your breast diffuse
The softer influence of the polished muse,
'Tis no original, the world can tell,
And all your praise is but to *copy* well.

ON THE BIRTH OF A FRIEND'S ELDEST SON.

WELCOME, little helpless stranger;
Welcome to the light of day;
Smile upon thy happy mother,
Smile, and chase her pains away.

* See note on page 202. — I. W. L.

Lift thine eyes, and look around thee ;
Various Nature courts thy sight,
Spreads for thee her flowery carpet ;
Earth was made for thy delight.

Welcome to a mother's bosom ;
Welcome to a father's arms ;
Heir to all thy father's virtues,
Heir to all thy mother's charms.

Joy thou bring'st, but mixed with trouble ;
Anxious joys, and tender fears,
Pleasing hopes, and mingled sorrows,
Smiles of transport, dashed with tears.

Who can say, what lies before thee,
Calm or tempest, peace or strife ;
With what turns of various fortune
Fate shall mark thy checkered life.

Who can tell, what eager passions
In this little heart shall beat,
When ambition, love, or glory,
Shall invade this peaceful seat.

Who can tell, how wide the branches
Of this tender plant may spread,
While beneath its ample shadow
Swains may rest, and flocks be fed.

Angels guard thee, lovely blossom,
And avert each hovering ill !
Crown thy parents' largest wishes,
And their fondest hopes fulfil.

A CHARACTER.

Be this Philander's praise,—a well-tuned mind,
Lofty as man, and, more than woman, kind;
A virgin soul, which, spotless yet, and bright,
Keeps all the lustre of its native white.
Virtue, in him, from no cold precept flowed,
But, with a vigorous, genuine ardor glowed;
So pure his feelings, and his sense so strong,
Seldom his head, his heart was never wrong;
Gentle to others, to himself severe,
And mild from pity, only, not from fear.
Tender, yet firm, and prudent without art,
The sweetest manners, and the gentlest heart,
If, in so fair a mind, there reigned a fault,
'T was sensibility too finely wrought,
Too quickly roused, too exquisite for peace,
Too deeply thoughtful for unmingled ease.
His griefs were like his joys, too far refined
To reach the dull, or touch the selfish mind:
Yet the pure sorrows that on virtue grow,
Taste of the sacred spring from which they flow.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is that warm, tender, lively attachment, which takes place between persons, in

whom a similarity of tastes and manners, joined to frequent intercourse, has produced an habitual fondness for each other. It is not among our duties, for it does not flow from any of the necessary relations of society; but it has its duties, when voluntarily entered into. In its highest perfection, it can only, I believe, subsist between two; for that unlimited confidence and perfect conformity of inclinations, which it requires, cannot well be found in a larger number: besides, one such friendship fills the heart, and leaves no want or desire after another.

Friendship, where it is quite sincere and affectionate, free from affectation or interested views, is one of the greatest blessings of life. It doubles our joys, and it lessens our sorrows, when we are able to pour both into the bosom of one, who takes the tenderest part in all our interests, who is to us as another self. We love to communicate all our feelings; and it is in the highest degree grateful, where we can do it to one, who will enter into them all; who takes an interest in every thing that befalls us; before whom we can freely indulge even our little weaknesses and foibles, and show our minds, as it were, undrest; who will take part in all our schemes, advise us in any emergency; who rejoices in our company, and who, we are sure, thinks of us in our absence.

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say; for a friend was never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of

the countenance, even in the voice or the manner, a similarity of circumstances,—these are the things that begin attachment, which is fostered, by being in a situation which gives occasion for frequent intercourse; and this depends upon chance. Reason and prudence have, however, much to do, in restraining our choice of improper or dangerous friends. They are improper, if our line of life and pursuits are so totally different, as to make it improbable we shall long keep up an intimacy, at least, without sacrificing to it connexions of duty; they are dangerous, if they are, in any respect, vicious.

It has been made a question, whether friendship can subsist amongst the vicious. If by vicious, be meant those who are void of the social, generous, and affectionate feelings, it is most certain it cannot; because these make the very essence of it. But it is very possible for persons to possess fine feelings, without that steady principle, which alone constitutes virtue; and it does not appear, why such may not feel a real friendship. It will not, indeed, be so likely to be lasting, and is often succeeded by bitter enmities.

The duties of friendship are, first, sincere and disinterested affection. This seems self-evident; and yet, there are many who pretend to love their friends, when, at the same time, they only take delight in them, as we delight in a fine voice, or a good picture. If you love your friend, you will love him when his powers of pleasing and entertaining you have given way to malady or depres-

sion of spirits; you will study *his* interest and satisfaction, you will be ready to resign his company, to promote his advantageous settlement at a distant residence, to favor his connexion with other friends;—these are the tests of true affection. Without such a disposition, you may enjoy your friend, but you do not love him.

Next, friendship requires pure sincerity, and the most unreserved confidence. Sincerity, every man has a right to expect from us, but every man has not a right to our confidence. This is the sacred and peculiar privilege of friendship; and so essential is it, to the very idea of this connexion, that, even to serve a friend, without giving him our confidence, is but going half way; it may command gratitude, but will not produce love. Above all things, the general tenor of our thoughts and feelings must be shown to our friends, exactly as they are; without any of those glosses, colorings, and disguises, which we put on, in our commerce with the world.

Another duty, resulting from this confidence, is inviolable secrecy in what has been intrusted to us. To every one, indeed, we owe secrecy, in what we are formally intrusted with; but, with regard to a friend, this extends to the concealing every thing, which, in the fulness of his heart, and in the freedom of unguarded conversation, he has let drop, if you have the least idea it may, in any manner, injure or offend him. In short, you are to consider yourself as always, to him, under an implied promise of secrecy; and, should even the

friendship dissolve, it would be, in the highest degree, ungenerous, to consider this obligation as dissolved with it.

In the next place, a friend has a right to our best advice, on every emergency; and this, even though we run the risk of offending him by our frankness. Friends should consider themselves as the sacred guardians of each other's virtue; and the noblest testimony, they can give of their affection, is the correction of the faults of those they love. But this generous solicitude must be distinguished from a teasing, captious, or too officious, notice of all the little defects and frailties which their close intercourse with each other brings continually into view. These must be overlooked, or borne with; for, as we are not perfect ourselves, we have no right to expect our friends should be so.

Friends are most easily acquired in youth; but they are, likewise, most easily lost. The petulance and impetuosity of that age, the eager competitions and rivalships of an active life, and, more especially, the various changes in rank and fortune, connexions, party opinions, or local situation, burst asunder, or silently untwist, the far greater part of those friendships, which, in the warmth of youthful attachment, we had fondly promised ourselves should be indissoluble.

Happy is he, to whom, in the maturer season of life, there remains one tried and constant friend. Their affection, mellowed by the hand of time, *endeared* by the recollection of enjoyments, toils,

and even sufferings shared together, becomes the balm, the consolation, and the treasure of life. Such a friendship is inestimable, and should be preserved with the utmost care; for it is utterly impossible for any art ever to transfer to another, the effect of all those accumulated associations, which endear to us the friend of our early years.

These considerations should likewise induce us to show a tender indulgence to our friends, even for those faults, which most sensibly wound the feeling heart,—a growing coldness and indifference. These may be brought on by many circumstances, which do not imply a bad heart; and, provided we do not, by bitter complaints and an open rupture, preclude the possibility of a return, in a more favorable conjuncture, the friendships of our youth may knit again, and be cultivated with more genuine tenderness than ever.

I must here take occasion to observe, that there is nothing, young people ought to guard against with more care, than a parade of feeling, and a profusion of exaggerated protestations. These may sometimes proceed from the amiable warmth of a youthful heart; but they much oftener flow from the affectation of sentiment, which is both contemptible and morally wrong.

All that has been said of the duties or of the pleasures of friendship, in its most exalted sense, is applicable, in a proportionate degree, to every connexion, in which there exists any portion of this generous affection. So far as it does exist, in the various relations of life, so far it renders

them interesting and valuable; and, were the capacity for it taken away from the human heart, it would find a dreary void, and starve, amidst all the means of enjoyment the world could pour out before it.

CONFIDENCE AND MODESTY.

A FABLE.

When the gods, knowing it to be for the benefit of mortals, that the few should lead, and that the many should follow, sent down, into this lower world, Ignorance and Wisdom, they decreed to each of them an attendant and guide, to conduct their steps, and facilitate their introduction. To Wisdom, they gave Confidence, and Ignorance they placed under the guidance of Modesty. Thus paired, the parties travelled about the world, for some time, with mutual satisfaction.

Wisdom, whose eye was clear and piercing, and commanded a long reach of country, followed her conductor with pleasure and alacrity. She saw the windings of the road, at a great distance; her foot was firm, her ardor was unbroken, and she ascended the hill, or traversed the plain, with speed and safety.

Ignorance, on the other hand, was short-sighted and timid. When she came to a spot where the road branched out in different directions, or

was obliged to pick her way through the obscurity of the tangled thicket, she was frequently at a loss, and was accustomed to stop, till some one appeared, to give her the necessary information, which the interesting countenance of her companion seldom failed to procure her.

Wisdom, in the mean time, led by a natural instinct, advanced towards the temple of Science and Eternal Truth. For some time, the way lay plain before her, and she followed her guide, with unhesitating steps; but she had not proceeded far, before the paths grew intricate and entangled; the meeting branches of the trees spread darkness over her head, and steep mountains barred her way, whose summits, lost in clouds, ascended beyond the reach of mortal vision. At every new turn of the road, her guide urged her to proceed; but, after advancing a little way, she was often obliged to measure back her steps, and often found herself involved in the mazes of a labyrinth, which, after exercising her patience and her strength, ended but where it began.

In the mean time, Ignorance, who was naturally impatient, could but ill bear the continual doubts and hesitation of her companion. She hated deliberation, and could not submit to delay. At length, it so happened, that she found herself on a spot, where three ways met, and no indication was to be found, which might direct her to the right road. Modesty advised her to wait; and she had waited till her patience was exhausted. At that moment, Confidence, who was in

disgrace with Wisdom, for some false steps he had led her into, and who had just been discarded from her presence, came up, and offered himself to be her guide. He was accepted. Under his auspices, Ignorance, naturally swift of foot, and who could, at any time, have outrun Wisdom, boldly pressed forward, pleased and satisfied with her new companion. He knocked at every door, visited castle and convent, and introduced his charge to many a society, whence Wisdom found herself excluded.

Modesty, in the mean time, finding she could be of no further use to her charge, offered her services to Wisdom. They were mutually pleased with each other, and soon agreed never to separate. And, ever since that time, Ignorance has been led by Confidence, and Modesty has been found in the society of Wisdom.

THE OAK.

Look at that spreading Oak, the pride of the village green! its trunk is massy, its branches are strong. Its roots, like crooked fangs, strike deep into the soil, and support its huge bulk. The birds build among the boughs; the cattle repose beneath its shade; the neighbors form groups beneath the shelter of its green canopy. The old men point it out to their children, but they themselves remember not its growth: generations of

men, one after another, have been born, and died, and this son of the forest has remained the same, defying the storms of two hundred Winters.

Yet this large tree was once a little acorn; small in size, insignificant in appearance; such as you are now picking up upon the grass beneath it. Such an acorn, whose cup can only contain a drop or two of dew, contained the whole Oak. All its massy trunk, all its knotty branches, all its multitude of leaves, were in that acorn; it grew, it spread, it unfolded itself, by degrees, it received nourishment from the rain, and the dews, and the well-adapted soil, but it was all there. Rain, and dews, and soil, could not raise an Oak, without the acorn; nor could they make the acorn any thing but an Oak.

The mind of a child is like the acorn; its powers are folded up, they do not yet appear, but they are all there. The memory, the judgement, the invention, the feeling of right and wrong, are all in the mind of a child; of a little infant just born; but they are not expanded, you cannot perceive them.

Think of the wisest man you ever knew or heard of; think of the greatest man; think of the most learned man, who speaks a number of languages, and can find out hidden things; think of a man who stands like that tree, sheltering and protecting a number of his fellow-men, and then say to yourself, the mind of that man was once like mine; his thoughts were childish, like my thoughts, nay, he was like the babe just born,

which knows nothing, remembers nothing, which cannot distinguish good from evil, nor truth from falsehood.

If you had only seen an acorn, you could never guess at the form and size of an Oak: if you had never conversed with a wise man, you could form no idea of him, from the mute and helpless infant.

Instruction is the food of the mind; it is like the dew, and the rain, and the rich soil. As the soil, and the rain, and the dew, cause the tree to swell and put forth its tender shoots, so do books, and study, and discourse, feed the mind, and make it unfold its hidden powers.

Reverence, therefore, your own mind; receive the nurture of instruction, that the man within you may grow and flourish. You cannot guess how excellent he may become.

It was long, before this Oak showed its greatness; years passed away, and it had only shot a little way above the ground. A child might have plucked it up with his little hands; it was long before any one called it a tree; and it is long, before the child becomes a man.

The acorn might have perished in the ground, the young tree might have been shorn of its graceful boughs, the twig might have bent, and the tree would have been crooked; but, if it grew at all, it could have been nothing but an Oak; it would not have been grass or flowers, which live their season, and then perish from the face of the earth.

The child may be a foolish man; he may be a *wicked* man; but he must be a man. His nature is

not that of any inferior creature, his soul is not akin to the beasts which perish.

O, cherish, then, this precious mind, feed it with truth, nourish it with knowledge; it comes from God, it is made in his image. The Oak will last for centuries of years; but the mind of man is made for immortality.

Respect, in the infant, the future man. Destroy not, in the man, the rudiments of an angel.

EVENING.

The golden orb of the sun is sunk behind the hills, the colors fade away from the western sky, and the shades of Evening fall fast around me.

Deeper and deeper, they stretch over the plain. I look at the grass, it is no longer green; the flowers are no more tinted with various hues; the houses, the trees, the cattle, are all lost in the distance. The dark curtain of night is let down over the works of God; they are blotted out from the view, as if they were no longer there.

Child of little observation! canst thou see nothing, because thou canst not see grass, and flowers, trees, and cattle? Lift up thine eyes from the ground shaded with darkness, to the heavens that are stretched over thy head; see how the stars, one by one, appear, and light up the vast concave.

There, is the moon, bending her bright horns

like a silver bow, and shedding her mild light, like liquid silver, over the blue firmament.

There, is Venus, the evening and the morning star; and the Pleiades, and the Bear that never sets, and the Polestar that guides the mariner over the deep.

Now the mantle of darkness is over the earth; the last little gleam of twilight is faded away; the lights are extinguished in the cottage-windows; but the firmament burns with innumerable fires; every little star twinkles in its place. If you begin to count them, they are more than you can number; they are like the sands of the seashore. The telescope shows you many more; and there are thousands and ten thousands of stars, which no telescope has ever reached.

Now, Orion heaves his bright shoulder above the horizon, and Sirius, the dog-star, follows him, the brightest of the train.

Look at the Milky-Way, it is a field of brightness: its pale light is composed of myriads of burning suns.

All these, are God's families. He gives the sun to shine with a ray of his own glory; he marks the path of the planets, he guides their wanderings through the sky, and traces out their orbit with the finger of his power.

If you were to travel as swift as an arrow from a bow, and to travel on, further and further still, for millions of years, you would not be out of the creation of God.

New suns, in the depth of space, would still be

burning round you, and other planets fulfilling their appointed course.

Lift up thine eyes, child of earth! for God has given thee a glimpse of heaven.

The light of one sun is withdrawn, that thou mayest see ten thousand. Darkness is spread over the earth, that thou mayest behold, at a distance, the regions of eternal day.

This earth has a variety of inhabitants; the sea, the air, the surface of the ground, swarm with creatures of different natures, sizes, and powers. To know a very little of them, is to be wise among the sons of men.

What, then, thinkest thou, are the various forms, and natures, and senses, and occupations, of the peopled universe?

Who can tell the birth and generation of so many worlds? who can relate their histories? who can describe their inhabitants?

Canst thou measure infinity with a line? canst thou grasp the circle of infinite space?

Yet, these all depend upon God; they hang upon Him, as a child upon the breast of its mother; He tempereth the heat to the inhabitant of Mercury; He provideth resources against the cold, in the frozen orb of Saturn. Doubt not, that he provideth for all beings that he has made.

Look at the moon, when it walketh in brightness; gaze at the stars, when they are marshalled in the firmament; and adore the Maker of so many worlds.

WINTER.

It is now Winter, dread Winter. Desolation and silence reign in the fields; no singing of birds is heard, no humming of insects. The streams murmur no longer; they are locked up in frost.

The trees lift their naked boughs, like withered arms, into the bleak sky; the green sap no longer rises in their veins; the flowers, and the sweet-smelling shrubs, are decayed to their roots.

The sun himself looks cold and cheerless; he gives light only enough to show the universal desolation.

Nature, child of God, mourns for her children! A little while ago, and she rejoiced in her offspring; the rose shed its perfume upon the gale; the vine gave its fruit; her children were springing and blooming around her, on every lawn, and every green bank.

O Nature, beautiful Nature, beloved child of God, why dost thou sit mourning and desolate? Has thy Father forsaken thee, has He left thee to perish? Art thou no longer the object of His care?

He has not forsaken thee, O Nature; thou art His beloved child, the eternal image of His perfections; His own beauty is spread over thee, the light of His countenance is shed upon thee.

Thy children shall live again, they shall spring

up and bloom around thee; the rose shall again breathe its sweetness on the soft air, and, from the bosom of the ground, verdure shall spring forth.

And dost thou not mourn, O Nature, for thy human births; for thy sons and thy daughters that sleep under the sod; and shall they not also revive? Shall the rose and the myrtle bloom anew, and shall man perish? Shall goodness sleep in the ground, and the light of wisdom be quenched in the dust, and shall tears be shed over *them* in vain?

They also shall live; their Winter shall pass away; they shall bloom again. The tears of thy children shall be dried up, when the eternal year proceeds. O! may that eternal year come!

ON PLANTS.

PLANTS stand next to animals, in the scale of existence. They are, like them, organized bodies; like them, increase by nutrition, which is conveyed through a system of tubes and fine vessels, and assimilated to their substance; like them, they propagate their race from a parent, and each seed produces its own plant; like them, they grow, by insensible degrees, from an infant state to full vigor, and, after a certain term of maturity, decay and die. In short, except the powers of speech and locomotion, they seem to possess every characteristic of sentient life.

A plant consists of a root, a stem, leaves, and a flower, or blossom.

The root is bulbous, as the onion ; long, like the parsnip or carrot ; or branched out into threads, as the greater number are, and particularly all the large ones. A bulbous root could not support a large tree.

The stem is single or branched, clinging for support or upright, clothed with a skin or bark.

The flower contains the principle of reproduction, as the root does of individuality. This is the most precious part of the plant, to which every thing contributes. The root nourishes it, the stem supports, the leaves defend and shelter it ; it comes forth, but when Nature has prepared for it, by showers, and sun, and gentle, soothing warmth ; color, beauty, scent, adorn it ; and, when it is complete, the end of the plant's existence is answered. It fades and dies ; or, if capable, by its perennial nature, of repeating the process, it hides, in its inmost folds, the precious germ of new being, and itself almost retires from existence, till a new year.

A tree is one of the most stately and beautiful objects in God's visible creation. It does not admit of an exact definition, but is distinguished from the humbler plant, by its size, the strength of its stem, which becomes a trunk, and the comparative smallness of the blossom. In the fruit trees, indeed, the number of blossoms compensates for their want of size ; but, in the forest trees, *the flower* is scarcely visible. Production seems

not to be so important a process, where the parent tree lives for centuries.

Every part of vegetables is useful. Of many, the roots are edible, and the seeds are generally so; of many, the leaves, as of the cabbage and spinach; the buds, as of the asparagus and cauliflower. The bark is often employed medicinally, as the quinquina and cinnamon.

The trunk of a tree determines the manner of its growth, and gives firmness: the foliage serves to form one mass of a number of trees; while the distinct lines are partly seen, partly hidden. The leaves throw over the branches a rich mantle, like flowing tresses; they wave in the wind, with an undulatory motion, catch the glow of the evening sun, or glitter with the rain; they shelter innumerable birds and animals, and afford variety in colors, from the bright green of Spring to the varied tints of Autumn. In Winter, however, the form of each tree, and its elegant ramifications, are discerned, which were lost under the flowing robe of verdure.

Trees are beautiful, in all combinations; the single tree is so; the clump, the grove, rising like an amphitheatre; the flowing line, that marks the skirts of wood, and the dark, deep, boundless shade of the forest; the green line of the hedge-row, the more artificial avenue, the gothic arch of verdure, the tangled thicket.

Young trees are distinguished by beauty; in maturity, their characteristic is strength. The ruin of a tree is venerable, even when fallen; we

are then more sensible of its towering height ; we also observe the root, the deep fangs which held it against so many storms, and the firmness of the wood ; a sentiment of pity mixes, too, with our admiration. The trees in groves and woods shed a brown, religious horror, which favored the religion of the ancient world. Trees shelter from cutting winds and sea air ; they preserve moisture ; but, if too many, in their thick and heavy mass lazy vapors stagnate ; their profuse perspiration is unwholesome ; they shut out the golden sun and ventilating breeze.

It would seem, as if the number of trees must have been diminishing, for ages ; for, in no cultivated country, does the growth of trees equal the waste of them. A few gentlemen raise plantations, but many more cut down ; and the farmer thinks not of so lofty a thing, as the growth of ages. Trees are too lofty to want the hand of man. The florist may mingle his tulips, and spread the paper ruff on his carnations ; he may trim his mount of roses, and his laurel hedge ; but the lofty growth of trees soars far above him. If he presumes to fashion them with his shears, and trim them into fanciful or mathematical shapes, offended taste will mock all his improvements. Even in planting, he can do little. He may succeed in fancying a clump, or laying out an avenue, and may, perhaps, gently incline the boughs to form the arch ; but a forest was never planted.

CANUTE'S REPROOF TO HIS COURTIERS.

PERSONS.

Canute,	King of England.
Oswald, Offa,	Courtiers.

SCENE—*The Seaside, near Southampton,—The tide coming in.*

Canute. Is it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs ?

Offa. It is true, my liege ; you are the most powerful of all kings.

Oswald. We are all your slaves ; we kiss the dust of your feet.

Offa. Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you, from shore to shore ; and the sea obeys you.

Canute. Does the sea, with its loud, boisterous waves, obey me ? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding ?

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours ; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies ; but it knows you to be its Sovereign.

Canute. Is not the tide coming up ?

Oswald. Yes, my liege ; you may perceive the swell already.

Canute. Bring me a chair, then; set it here, upon the sands.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

Canute. Yes, set it just here.

Oswald, (*aside.*) I wonder what he is going to do.

Offa, (*aside.*) Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us?

Canute. O mighty Ocean! thou art my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

Oswald, (*aside.*) I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

Offa. See, how fast the tide rises!

Oswald. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is a folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

Canute. Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See, how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies? that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is Sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only He, who can say to the ocean, "Thus far *shalt* thou go, but no further; and here shall thy

proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man; and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace!

HYMN.

Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose, fully blown. See, how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of all the flowers! Her leaves glow like fire; the air is filled with her sweet odor; she is the delight of every eye.

She is beautiful; but there is a fairer than she. He that made the rose, is more beautiful than the rose; He is all lovely; He is the delight of every heart.

I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong; when he raiseth up himself from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

The lion is strong; but He that made the lion is stronger than he. His anger is terrible; He could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of His hand.

I will show you what is glorious. The sun is

glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The sun is glorious, but He that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth Him not, for his brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places; by night as well as by day; and the light of His countenance is over all His works.

Who is this great name, and what is He called, that my lips may praise him?

This great name is GOD. He made all things, but He is himself more excellent than all which He hath made. They are beautiful, but He is beauty; they are strong, but He is strength; they are perfect, but He is perfection.

HYMN.

COME, let us praise God, for He is exceeding great; let us bless God, for He is very good.

He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm, that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

The brooks and rivers praise God, when they *murmur* melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with my voice; for I may praise him, though I am but a little child.

A few years ago, and I was a little infant, and my tongue was dumb within my mouth:

And I did not know the great name of God, for my reason was not come unto me.

But now, I can speak, and my tongue shall praise Him; I can think of all His kindness, and my heart shall love Him.

Let Him call me, and I will come unto Him; let Him command, and I will obey Him.

When I am older, I will praise Him better; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

NIGHT.

The glorious sun is set in the West; the night dews fall; and the air, which was sultry, becomes cool.

The flowers fold up their colored leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest, also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling, they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of bees around the hive,

or among the honeyed woodbines ; they have done their work, and lie close, in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of people, hurrying to and fro.

The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil ; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

All men are stretched on their quiet beds ; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother.

Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground ; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all people, when they are sunk in sleep ; when they cannot defend themselves ; nor see, if danger approacheth ?

There is an Eye, that never sleepeth ; there is an Eye, that seeth in dark Night, as well as in the bright sunshine.

When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon ; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds; that Eye seeth, every where, in all places, and watcheth, continually, over all the families of the earth.

The eye, that sleepeth not, is God's ; His hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us, when we are weary : He made Night, that we might sleep in *quiet*.

As the mother moveth about the house, with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed; as she draweth the curtains around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes; so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us; so He maketh all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

Laborers, spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

You may sleep, for He never sleeps: you may close your eyes in safety, for His eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you, through the Night.

Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to His praise.

Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs; sing to Him, before you sing to your mates.

Let His praise be in our hearts, when we lie down; let His praise be in our lips, when we awake.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE.

Now the moonbeam's trembling lustre
Silvers o'er the dewy green,
And, in soft and shadowy colors,
Sweetly paints the checkered scene.

Here, between the opening branches,
Streams a flood of softened light;
There, the thick and twisted foliage
Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This is sure the haunt of fairies,
In yon cool alcove they play;
Care can never cross the threshold,—
Care was only made for day.

Far from hence be noisy Clamor,
Sick Disgust and anxious Fear;
Pining Grief and wasting Anguish
Never keep their vigils here.

Choral songs and sprightly voices
Echo from her cell shall call;
Sweeter, sweeter than the murmur
Of the distant waterfall.

Every ruder gust of passion,
Lulled with music, dies away,
Till, within the charmed bosom,
None but soft affections play:

Soft, as when the evening breezes
Gently stir the poplar grove ;
Brighter than the smile of Summer,
Sweeter than the breath of Love.

Thee the enchanted Muse shall follow,
Lissy ! to the rustic cell ;
And each careless note repeating,
Tune them to her charming shell.

Not the Muse, who, wreathed with laurel,
Solemn stalks, with tragic gait,
And, in clear and lofty vision,
Sees the future births of fate ;

Not the maid, who, crowned with cypress,
Sweeps along, in sceptred pall,
And, in sad and solemn accents,
Mourns the crested hero's fall ;—

But that other smiling sister,
With the blue and laughing eye,
Singing, in a lighter measure,
Strains of woodland harmony :

All unknown to fame and glory,
Easy, blithe, and debonair,
Crowned with flowers, her careless tresses
Loosely floating on the air.

Then, when next the star of evening
Softly sheds the silent dew,
Let me, in this rustic temple,
Lissy ! meet the Muse and you.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU ! the Nymph with placid eye !
O seldom found, yet ever nigh !
Receive my temperate vow :
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon* soul,
And smooth, unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight ;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste, subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell ;
Where, in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft, indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in Attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
And clear, undaunted eye ;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening, through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

* Calm, serene, peaceful. — J. W. I.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage*
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek, submitted head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O! say, what soft, propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;

* Æsop, the philosopher and writer of fables, who was originally a slave, and procured his liberty by his genius.—J. W. I.

If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
Low whispering through the shade.

ON A LADY'S WRITING.

Her even lines her steady temper show,
Neat as her dress, and polished as her brow;
Strong as her judgement, easy as her air;
Correct, though free, and regular, though fair:
And the same graces o'er her pen preside,
That form her manners, and her footsteps guide.

AUTUMN.

A FRAGMENT.

Farewell, the softer hours, Spring's opening blush,
And Summer's deeper glow, the shepherd's pipe,
Tuned to the murmurs of a weeping spring,
And songs of birds, and gay enamelled fields,
Farewell! 'T is now the sickness of the year,
Not to be medicined by the skilful hand.
Pale suns arise, that, like weak kings, behold
Their predecessor's empire moulder from them;
While, swift-increasing, spreads the black domain
Of melancholy Night;—no more content

With equal sway, her stretching shadows gain
On the bright morn, and cloud the evening sky.
Farewell, the careless, lingering walk, at eve,
Sweet with the breath of kine and new-spread hay;
And slumber on a bank, where the lulled youth,
His head on flowers, delicious languor feels
Creep in the blood. A different season now
Invites a different song. The naked trees
Admit the tempest; rent is Nature's robe;
Fast, fast, the blush of Summer fades away
From her wan cheek, and scarce a flower remains
To deck her bosom; Winter follows close,
Pressing impatient on, and, with rude breath,
Fans her discolored tresses. Yet, not all
Of grace and beauty from the falling year
Is torn, ungenial. Still the taper fir
Lifts its green spire, and the dark holly, edged
With gold, and many a strong perennial plant,
Yet cheer the waste: nor does yon knot of oaks
Resign its honors to the infant blast.
This is the time, and these the solemn walks,
When inspiration rushes o'er the soul,
Sudden, as through the grove the rustling breeze.

AN AUTUMNAL THOUGHT.

'T is past! we breathe! assuaged, at length,
The flames that drank our vital strength!
Smote with intolerable heat,
No more our throbbing temples beat.

How clear the sky, how pure the air,
The heavens how bright, the earth how fair!
The bosom cool, the spirits light,
Active the day, and calm the night!

But O, the swiftly-shortening day!
Low in the West the sinking ray!
With rapid pace, advancing still,
"The morning hoar, the evening chill,"
The falling leaf, the fading year,
And Winter, ambushed in the rear!

Thus when the fervid Passions cool,
And Judgement, late, begins to rule;
When Reason mounts her throne serene,
And social Friendship gilds the scene;
When man, of ripened powers possessed,
Broods o'er the treasures of his breast;
Exults, in conscious worth elate,
Lord of himself,—almost of fate;—
Then, then declines the unsteady flame,
Disease, slow mining, saps the frame;
Cold damps of age around are shed,
That chill the heart, and cloud the head,
The failing spirits prompt no more,
The curtain drops, life's day is o'er.

TO A DOG.

DEAR, faithful object of my tender care,
Whom, but my partial eyes, none fancy fair;

May I, unblamed, display thy social mirth,
Thy modest virtues, and domestic worth.
Thou silent, humble flatterer, yet sincere,
More swayed by love than interest or fear;
Solely to please, thy most ambitious view,
As lovers fond, and more than lovers true.
Who can resist those dumb, beseeching eyes,
Where genuine eloquence persuasive lies?
Those eyes, where language fails, display thy heart
Beyond the pomp of phrase and pride of art.
Thou safe companion, and almost a friend,
Whose kind attachment but with life shall end,—
Blest were mankind, if many a prouder name
Could boast thy grateful truth and spotless fame!

"YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH."

Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human-kind;
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind:

Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows;
From your blest lips the balm distils,
That softens mortal woes.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found;

Angels of love ! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page,
Which human crimes deform ;
When vengeance threats, your prayers ascend,
And break the gathering storm.

As down the Summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide ;
Upward you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

Where Guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure ;
Unspotted still, your garments shine,
Your hands are ever pure.

Whene'er you touch the poet's lyre,
A loftier strain is heard ;
Each ardent thought is yours alone,
And every burning word.

Yours is the large, expansive thought,
The high, heroic deed ;
Exile and chains to you are dear,
To you, 't is sweet to bleed.

You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail ;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue,
With scoff, and shame, and loss;
The hemlock bowl, 't is yours to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

E'en yet the steaming scaffolds smoke,
By Seine's polluted stream;*
With your rich blood the fields are drenched,
Where Polish sabres gleam.†

E'en now, through those accursed bars,
In vain we send our sighs;
Where, deep in Olmutz' dungeon glooms,
The patriot martyr lies.‡

Yet yours is all through History's rolls
The kindling bosom feels;
And, at your tomb, with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

In every faith, through every clime,
Your pilgrim steps we trace;
And shrines are dressed, and temples rise,
Each hallowed spot to grace;

And pæans loud, in every tongue,
And choral hymns, resound;

* Alluding to the murders committed in France during the Revolution. Paris was situated on the river Seine. — J. W. I.

† When this was written, the Poles were fighting for their liberty. — J. W. I.

‡ Lafayette was, at this time, confined in the prison of Olmutz, a town in Austria. — J. W. I.

And lengthening honors hand your name
To time's remotest bound.

Proceed! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure!
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.*

To learned Athens, led by fame,
As once the man of Tarsus came,
With pity and surprise,
Midst idol altars as he stood,
O'er sculptured marble, brass, and wood,
He rolled his awful eyes.

But one, apart, his notice caught,
That seemed with higher meaning fraught,
Graved on the wounded stone;
Nor form nor name was there expressed;
Deep reverence filled the musing breast,
Perusing, "To the God unknown."

Age after age has rolled away,
Altars and thrones have felt decay,
Sages and saints have risen;
And, like a giant roused from sleep,
Man has explored the pathless deep,
And lightnings snatched from heaven.

* See Acts xvii. 23. — J. W. I.

And many a shrine in dust is laid,
Where kneeling nations homage paid,
By rock, or fount, or grove;
Ephesian Dian* sees no more
Her workmen fuse the silver ore,
Nor Capitolian Jove.†

E'en Salem's‡ hallowed courts have ceased
With solemn pomps her tribes to feast,
No more the victim bleeds;
To censers filled with rare perfumes,
And vestments from Egyptian looms,
A purer rite succeeds.

Yet still, where'er presumptuous man
His Maker's essence strives to scan,
And lifts his feeble hands,
Though saint and sage their powers unite,
To fathom that abyss of light,
Ah! still *that altar* stands.

* The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was one of the Wonders of the World. The silver shrines, or images, of the goddess, are mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, verse twenty-four. — J. W. I.

† Jupiter, or Jove, is so called, from a temple dedicated to him, in the capitol at Rome. — J. W. I.

‡ Jerusalem is also called Salem, which means, the City of Peace. See Psalms, lxxvi. 2, and Hebrews, vii. 2. — J. W. I.

LIFE.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where, we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend, unseen, thy trackless course,
And, in this strange divorce,
Ah tell, where I must seek this compound, I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base, encumbering weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years, the appointed hour,
To break thy trance, and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
O say, what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee ?

Life ! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;

'T is hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not, Good night ! but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me, Good morning !

LOGOGRIPH.*

For man's support, I came, at first, from earth,
But man perverts the purpose of my birth ;
Beneath his plastic hand new forms I take,
And either sex my services partake ;
The flowing lawn in stricter folds I hold,
And bind, in chains unseen, each swelling fold ;
The band beneath the double chin I grace,
And formal plaits that edge the Quaker's face :
By me, great Bess, who used her maids to cuff,
Shone in the dignity of full-quilled ruff.
Such is my whole ; but, parted and disjoined,
New wonders in my varying form you 'll find.
What makes the cit look big with conscious worth;
What bursts from pale surprise, or boisterous mirth ;
The sweep Rialto forms, or your fair brow,—
The fault to youthful valor we allow ;

* A sort of riddle. In the first ten lines of this, a word is described ; and then, many other words, which may be made out of that one, are referred to ; just as from the word bread, may be made red, read, bear, bred, dare, dear, and many others. — J. W. I.

A word, by which possession we denote,
A letter high in place, and first in note ;
What guards the beauty from the scorching ray ;
What little master first is taught to say ;
Great Nature's rival, handmaid, sometimes foe ;
The most pathetic counterpart of 'Oh !'
The whiskered pilferer and her foe demure ;
The lamps unbought, which light the houseless poor ;
What bore famed heroes through the ranks of war;
What's heard, when falls from high the ponderous jar ;
What holy Paul did at Gamaliel's feet ;
What Bavius* writes, what schoolboys love to eat;
Of eager gamesters what decides the fate ;
The homely, rough support of Britain's state ;
What, joined to "been," is fatal to a toast ;
What guards the sailor from the shelving coast ;
The stage, whence villains make their last harangue ;
What in your head and bones gives many a pang ;
What introduces long-tailed similes ;
A preposition that to place agrees ;
A stately animal, in forests bred,
A tree, that lifts on high its lofty head ;
What best unbends the weary student's mind,
A beauteous fish in northern lakes we find ;
A grateful blemish on a soldier's breast ;—
All these are in my single name expressed.

* A stupid poet, who lived in the time of the Roman Emperor Augustus, and whose writings were considered as *worthless*. — J. W. I.

DEJECTION.

When sickness clouds the languid eye,
And seeds of sharp diseases fly
  Swift through the vital frame;
Rich drugs are torn from earth and sea,
And balsam drops from every tree,
  To quench the parching flame.

But O! what opiate can assuage
The throbbing breast's tumultuous rage,
  Which mingling passions tear!
What art the wounds of grief can bind,
Or soothe the sick, impatient mind
  Beneath corroding care.

Not all the potent herbs that grow,
On purple heath, or mountain's brow,
  Can banished peace restore;
In vain, the spring of tears to dry,
For purer air, or softer sky,
  We quit our native shore.

Friendship, the richest balm that flows,
Was meant to heal our sharpest woes,
  But runs not always pure;
And Love has sorrows of his own,
Which not an herb beneath the moon
  Is found of power to cure.

Soft Pity, mild, dejected maid,
With tenderest hand applies her aid,
To dry the frequent tear;
But her own griefs, of finer kind,
Too deeply wound the feeling mind
With anguish more severe.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM OF DIFFERENT-COLORED PAPER.

LIFE's checkered scenes these varied leaves display,
Pure white, and tenderest blush, and fading gray;
The rosy tints of morning will not last,
And youth's gay, flattering season soon is past.
O! may thy gentle breast no changes know,
But such as from time's smoothest current flow;
No cares, but those whose mellowing influence steals
Mild o'er the expansive heart that thinks and feels;
And, with affection tried, experienced truth
Tint the white page of innocence and youth!
May Love for thee exert his fullest power,
And gild, with sunniest gleams, life's latest hour!
And friendship, health, and pleasure, long be thine,
When cold the heart that pens this feeble line!

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a Summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While Heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene, when Virtue dies!'

HYMN.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,*
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use ;

Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse ;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to Thee, my God, we owe ;
Source, whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

* " Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." — HABAKKUK, iii. 17, 18.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;—

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee,—for Thyself alone.

FRAGMENT.

As the poor schoolboy, when the slow-paced months
Have brought vacation times, and, one by one,
His playmates and companions all are fled,
Or ready; and to him,—to him alone,
No summons comes; he, left of all the train,
Paces, with lingering step, the vacant halls,
No longer murmuring with the Muse's song,
And silent play-ground, scattered wide around
With implements of sports, resounding once

With cheerful shouts; and hears no sound of
wheels,
To bear him to his father's bosom home;
For, conscious though he be of time mispent,
And heedless faults, and much amiss, yet hopes
A father's pardon, and a father's smile,
Blessing his glad return.———Thus I
Look to the hour when I shall follow those,
That are at rest before me.

HYMN.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O! what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O! what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he loved.

The powers of darkness leagued, in vain,
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught, so much divine.

And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies:
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high, at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

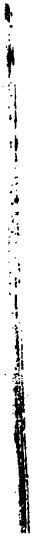
And still, for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still, his bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared, like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

EPITAPH ON A GOLDFINCH

Here lieth,
aged three moons and four days,
the body of RICHARD ACANTHIS,
a young creature
of unblemished life and character.
He was taken, in his callow infancy,
from under the wing
of a tender parent,
by the rough and pitiless hands
of a two-legged animal
without feathers.
Though born with the most aspiring dispositions,
and unbounded love of freedom,
he was closely confined in a grated prison,
and scarcely permitted to view those fields,
to the possession of which
he had a natural and undoubted
charter.
Deeply sensible of this infringement
of his native and inalienable rights,
he was often heard to petition for redress;
not with rude and violent clamors,
but
in the most plaintive notes
of melodious sorrow.
At length,
wearied with fruitless efforts to escape,

his indignant spirit
burst the prison which his body could not,
and left behind
a lifeless heap of beauteous feathers.
Reader,
if suffering innocence can hope for retribution,
deny not to the gentle shade
of this unfortunate captive,
the natural though uncertain hope
of animating some happier form,
or trying his new-fledged pinions
in some humble Elysium,
beyond the reach of Man,
the tyrant
of this lower universe.



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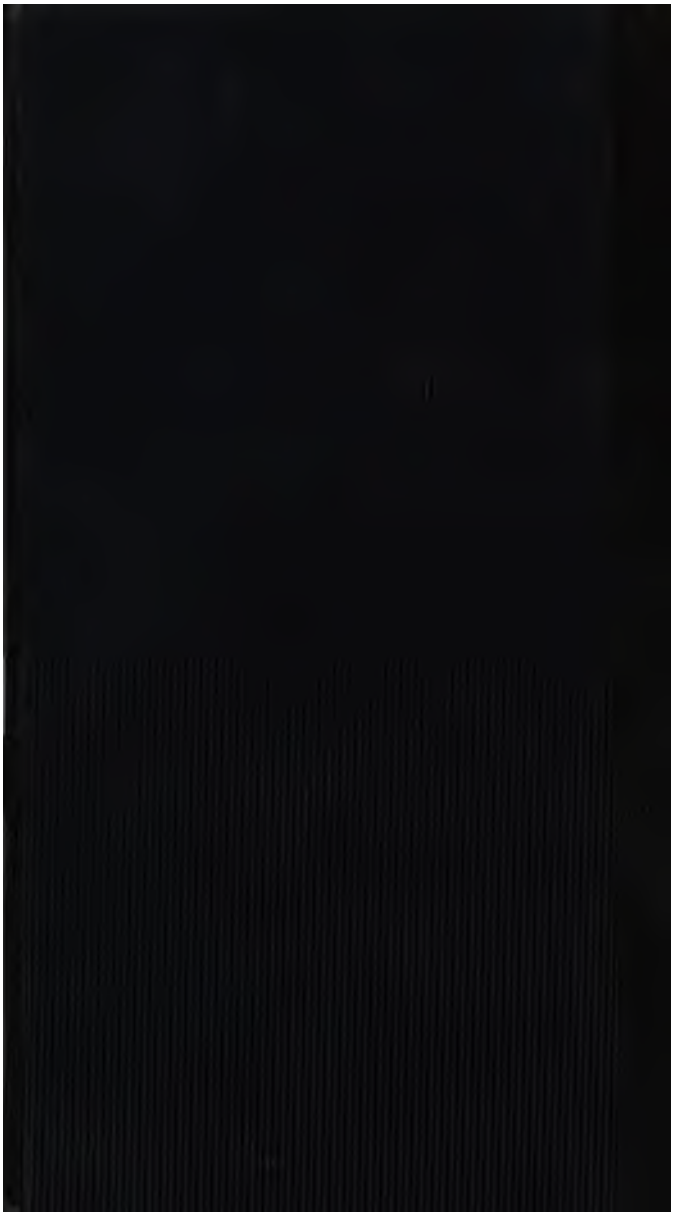
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